THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

FEBRUARY, 1907

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Editorial Announcement

To announce any particular time as marking the retirement of Professor Harry Thurston Peck from the editorial staff of this magazine would hardly be quite accurate, for his relation to THE BOOKMAN during the past year has been that of an editor *emeritus*, and a contributor of the very greatest importance; a relation which we trust will be maintained for a long period to come. It is due to him, however, to say officially that owing to his many other responsibilities, in literature and in University work, he has ceased to take an active part in the direction of this magazine.

Professor Peck has been the senior editor of THE BOOKMAN since its inception in 1895, and it is impossible to overestimate the value of his services to the magazine, both as editor and contributor. The editors and publishers congratulate themselves and their readers that while ceasing to be an editor, he is to continue to enliven and adorn its pages as a contributor.

Kipling in Fiction

Mr. Kipling is obviously the hero of a book by two French writers that has recently been awarded a prize by the Académie Goncourt. The book is called *Dingley, the Famous Author*, and is the study of an Englishman of forty whose verses are sung by soldiers on march, the recognised poet of the Anglo-Saxon martial spirit. The time is that period of the Boer War when England was suffering her severest reverses. Dingley has planned a novel depicting a loafer transformed by the war influence into a hero, and to find his local colour, goes to South Africa, taking with him his wife and child. While the father is absent at the front, the child is taken ill. Dingley, returning, is captured by a Boer, who releases him on learning all the circumstances and helps him on his way. For this kindness Dingley shows little gratitude. Later the Boer is captured by the English and sentenced to death. The author, in whose power it lies to save him, refuses to intercede. The novel is a great success, and the bioscope picture of the Boer's execution is vigorously applauded when shown in a London music hall.

Mrs. Steel

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, white haired and a grandmother, writes with the ease of many of her younger colleagues. She is progressive, too, for her latest book, *A Sovereign Remedy*, deals with money madness and the commercialisation of the British aristocracy. Mrs. Steel, who has lived a very busy life, is now sixty years old, and resides in Talgarth Hall, in North Wales. Recently, in response to the query of an American about her life, she replied: "I have been married. I have borne children. I have ten grandsons. I have therefore lived

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TALGARTH HALL—MRS. STEEL'S HOME

through the life allotted to woman, and the only novelty before me is death."

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Another Southern Autobiography

Some curiosity has been aroused in the authorship of *The Autobiography of a Southerner,* which has been running serially in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and this interest is now heightened by the announcement that the biography has been enlarged to the proportions of a novel and will be brought out in the spring, under the title of *Nicholas Worth. The Autobiography of a Southerner* supplies the main facts of the story, which deals with the upbuilding of the South since the Civil War, and has for its principal character a Southerner of the new type, who is neither a negro baiter nor is he disloyal to the traditions of his section. We understand that Richard Wardlaw, the name given as author, is the *nom-de-guerre* of a very distinguished Southerner, who has made a name for himself in literature, and who has been identified with much constructive work in the South.

Guy Thorne and Filson Young

There has been prevalent in this country during the past few months the impression that Filson Young, the author of *The Sands of Pleasure,* and Guy Thorne, the author of *Made in His Image,* were one and the same person. As a matter of fact, they are entirely different persons, and each has done enough work to distinguish him from any one else. Filson Young, or rather Alexander Bell Filson Young, is an Irishman about thirty years of age. He was the war correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* during the struggle in the Transvaal, and later became the literary editor of the London *Daily Mail.* He has published half a dozen books, the best known of which, before the appearance of *The Sands of Pleasure,* was *The Complete Motorist,* a book which was not only of a high order in itself, but which contained a very extraordinary letter from Mr. Kipling, that was widely quoted in this country and in England.

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Guy Thorne's real name is Cyril Arthur Edward Ranger Gull. He is

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about the same age as Filson Young. He was educated in a public school near Manchester, and at University College, Oxford. From the University he went to London with Professor York Powell and others, and tried his hand at journalism and literary criticism. Over his own name he published several novels, among them *The Surf* and *The Hypocrite*. He achieved his first real success over the signature of Guy Thorne, which he adopted for books designed to appeal to the popular taste. His real name he uses for the work in which he puts his artistic self. His most popular novel was *When It Was Dark*, which sold over one hundred thousand copies in England.

Poulteney Bigelow

Mr. Poulteney Bigelow has been so much the subject of violent controversy and his name has so long been associated with great figures and events that most people have lost all definite impression of the personal side of his character.

CYRIL ARTHUR EDWARD RANGER GULL (GUY THORNE)

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As a matter of fact, his life at the present time is one of extreme simplicity. His existence is that of a well-to-do farmer. His home is the Bigelow homestead at Malden-on-the-Hudson. He drives fast horses attached to a rickety old farm wagon, a combination which is exceedingly characteristic of the man. He is on terms of cordial friendliness with all the people in the village. His devotion to animals is marked, and in the light of recent events, a good many of our readers will be amused to know that his two pet dogs are named Panama and Colon.

POULTENEY BIGELOW

The death on January 3d of Ernest Howard Crosby took away one of those men who, as Walt Whitman says, do not teach through books and sermons, but through personalities. Born into wealth

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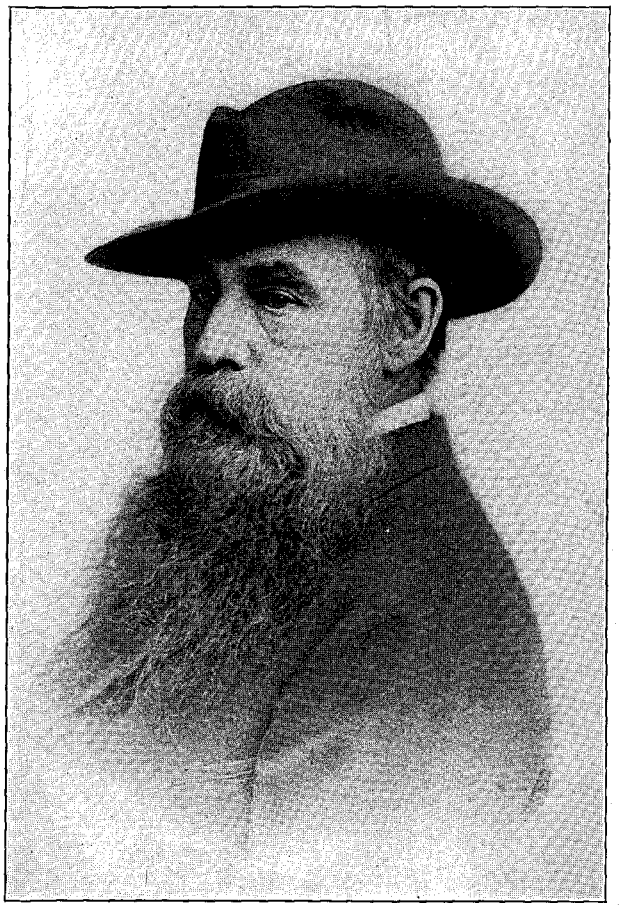
The Late Ernest Crosby

and social position, seeing many phases of life as such a man would see it, Mr. Crosby at a comparatively early age cast off from the traditions of his class and devoted himself to a living out of his belief in the universal brotherhood of man. He did not seek to make an example of himself through any theatrical eccentricity of garb or manner of living, but simply through a desire to put the Golden Rule into practice as a law for every-day life. Mr. Crosby did not definitely affiliate himself with any particular line of reform thought to the exclusion of others. As his impulse to think, act, and write as he did came from the promptings of the heart first and from the intellect afterward, the slow processes of practical labour in political reform did not attract him as much as did an ardent generalising of love for justice, a fiery preaching of the gospel of the brotherhood. His pen and voice were always at the service of any political or humanitarian movement based upon a desire for greater justice, and he therefore became a more familiar figure to the general public than men of equal ability who restrict themselves to one line of thought. In the latter years of his life, however, Mr. Crosby came more and more to be known exclusively as a disciple of Tolstoy, whose teachings he had grasped completely, in their most funda-



CHARLES GODFREY LELAND (HANS BREITMAN)
His life is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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mental meaning. This was shown by the consistency of his opinions on war, militarism, imperialism, and kindred subjects. The doctrine of the regeneration of the world through the regeneration of the individual was one which would naturally appeal to a man whose impulse lay toward a living out in himself of his belief. And it was through the intensity and sincerity of his belief, through the clarified charm of an unusual personality, rather than through any intellectual manner of gathering and presenting facts, that Ernest Howard Crosby became what he undoubtedly was—a power for good for all those with whom he came in contact. Of the eight or nine books published over his name—scholarly treatises, biographies of men with natures akin to his, or volumes of poems inspired by sincerity of feeling—there is perhaps no one that could stand alone on sheer literary merit. But they all partake of the warmth and compelling ardour of his personality. Mr. Crosby as a speaker is perhaps better known to the world in general than as a writer. He was an orator of talent and charm. His intellectual attainments, and perhaps, somewhat, his social training, laid a scholarly restraint upon an ardour of opinion that might otherwise have easily

THE LATE ERNEST CROSBY

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HENRIK IBSEN'S GRAVE AT CHRISTIANIA

On December 19th an obelisk of black Labrador rock was erected on Henrik Ibsen's grave. The monument cost 400,000 kroner. On the obelisk is a laurel wreath in copper presented by the Italian Authors' Club

slipped into fanaticism, and made his speaking agreeable to listen to even for those who might not altogether share his opinions.

A Case of Conscience

The editor of a prominent fiction magazine was recently invited to act as one of the judges in a celebrated prize-story contest which a large publishing house had announced. "Is it to be an anonymous contest?" the editor asked. "Yes, indeed. The authors' names will not appear on any of the manuscripts, and will not be known, even by the judges, until the winning story has been selected." "And I suppose all the stories will be typewritten?" "Certainly. We have particularly stipulated that." "I'm very sorry," was the reply, "but I can't possibly." "But—but you will be asked to read only the best of the stories submitted," reminded the publisher. "A staff of competent readers will sift the wheat from the chaff, and——" "I'm very sorry, but I'll have to refuse; and I can't tell you how it grieves me to say this, for I appreciate the great compliment you are paying me, and I would appreciate equally the remuneration you offer; but the fact is this, my conscience would smite me if I undertook the work. You see, I have had about twenty years' experience in editorial work, and during that time I suppose the manuscripts of every popular and unpopular author of the day have come to my desk for attention. I have been in such long correspondence with many of these authors that I know their handwritings well; and even a glance at my morning's mail will tell me who my correspondents are. And —do not smile—I know their *typewriters* equally well! I know the various makes they own, and those who prefer elite type to the ordinary size, and those who use italics and inverted quotation marks. I can even recognise an author's peculiar method of making a caret and his odd manner of punctuation. But all this is nothing to my ability to spot at once an

MRS. ST. LEGER HARRISON (LUCAS MALET)

Her new novel, *The Far Horizon*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

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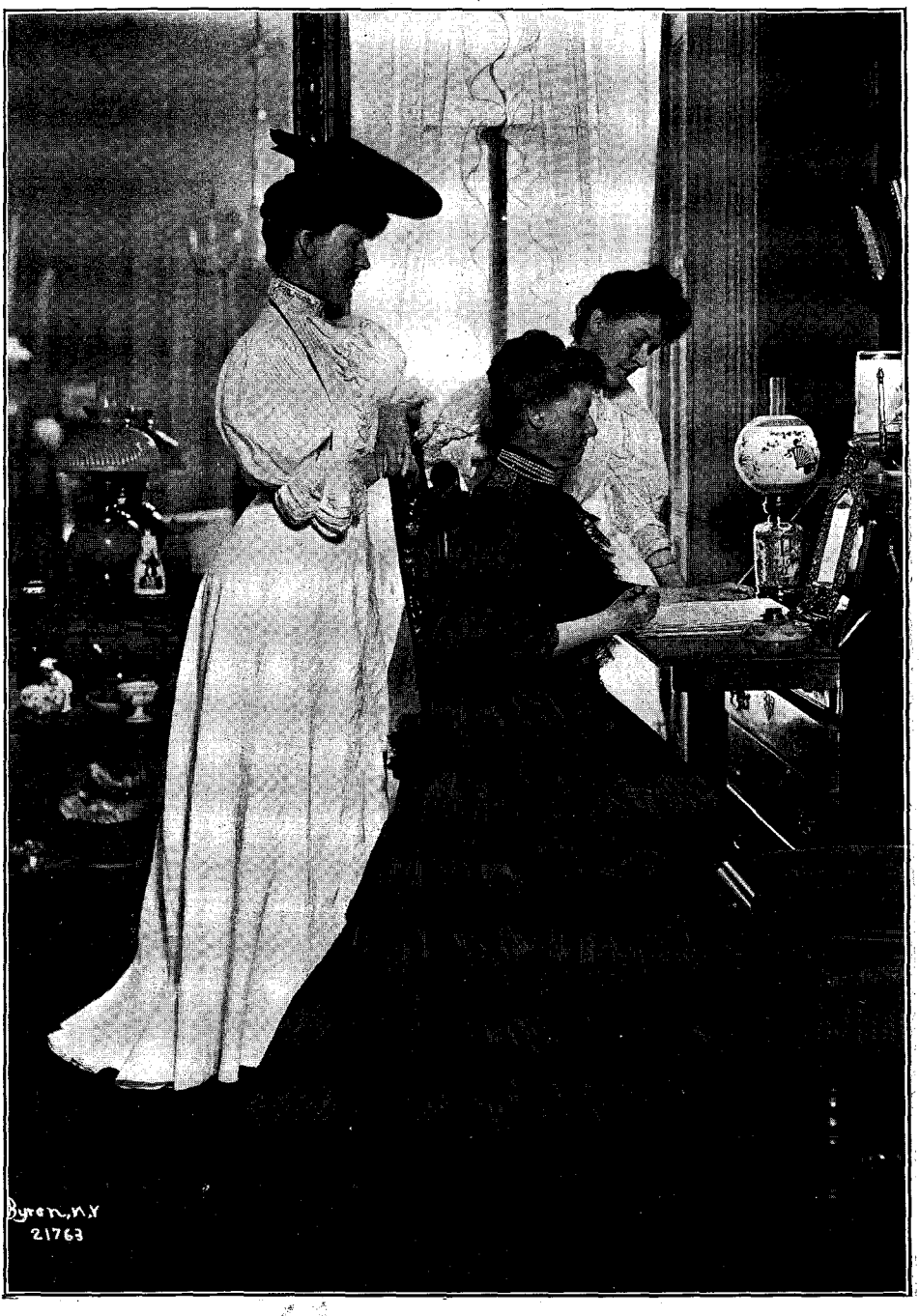

MRS. DUER, MISS CAROLINE DUER AND MRS. ALICE DUER MILLER

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author's style. Attempts have often been made to deceive me, but only on rare occasions have they succeeded. But you must not think this so astonishing, after all. I have been tied down to my one line of work for a long time now, and the number of really successful writers is not so great, after all. It would be quite remarkable if I had not learned something about their characteristics after all these years. Almost all of them would doubtless submit stories in your contest, and perhaps the majority of their manuscripts would be passed up to me by your readers. If, recognising any particular writer's work, I pretended to give an opinion based on a supposed complete ignorance of that writer's identity, I should not be doing the fair thing. For that reason I must decline to act. You understand me, I hope." "Yes," said the publisher, "I do. But whom shall I ask in your place?" "Some one who is not cursed with quite so much conscience," replied the editor.

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Some Light Impressions

At the end of a winter's evening, or, to speak with stricter accuracy, after a glance at the clock, in the beginning of a morning, we are jotting down some light impressions of three books of the day with which we have been whiling away, more or less pleasantly, the past five or six hours. These notes, as befit this department, and above all, the time at which they are written, are purely informal. Perhaps in a more conventional place and manner they have already been reviewed in the magazine, and perhaps the opinions expressed may not be in the least in accord with our own. That, however, is neither here nor there.

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In Elizabeth Duer's *The Prince Goes Fishing* there are two or three features that cause it to stand out as exceedingly fresh among most of the books of its very hackneyed kind. There certainly must be now several hundred novels in print which are more or less imitations of Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda,* and Miss Duer's book is one of the very few which we are able to regard with anything better than a kindly toleration. In the first place, we are grateful to her—the scene of her story being another of those imaginary little European kingdoms somewhere between the Rhine and the Balkans, which she dignifies by the name of Palatina—for having confined her heroes and heroines to natives of this and neighbouring states, for the majority of English and American men and women who hobnob with royalty and marry Serene Highnesses have become quite as tiresome in our fiction as have the squabbles of American women and their titled husbands in our newspapers. Then there is a very quaint and, we believe, very true note in the manner in which the author pictures the domestic relations of the royal families, showing them simply as brothers and sisters and parents and children, who in their attitudes toward one another are quite as natural in their likes, aversions and jealousies as the most bourgeois of their subjects. Thirdly, if for nothing else, the book is well worth two hours of a winter's evening for the very humorous description of the practical household stinginess of the "All Highest," the King of Palatina.

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John Fox's *A Knight of the Cumberland* is at once a pleasant little tale and an excellent example of practical literary economy. The story treats of a horseback journey across the Cumberland range; introduces the Blight, a rather vague and indefinite young lady, her two travelling companions, the mining engineer, the Wild Dog, the Honourable Budd and various other persons of more or less interest. The last part of the book is devoted to a description of a tournament in which the contending knights, instead of jousting against one another, point their spears at flying rings. The Honourable Budd, the master of ceremonies, being of a romantic and literary turn, is determined that the sport shall be played according, not to Hoyle, but to Scott, and so we have incorporated, with a few trivial changes, an entire chapter of *Ivanhoe.* The story is a trifle obscure in parts, but it makes very good light reading.

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While we are able to recommend the first two books with considerable cordiality, in the third we can find not a single redeeming feature. We are not in the slightest degree squeamish, but *Beyond the Rocks* strikes us as being particularly repulsive. It does not call for any of the arguments *pro* and *con* that have been threshed out so often over the hackneyed subject of immorality in fiction. It is simply nasty, without dignity, and without excuse.

R. H. Sherard's Reminiscences

A recent book that is exceedingly rich in literary impressions and anecdotes is *Twenty Years in Paris,* by R. H. Sherard, who has long been a conspicuous figure among the English journalists in the French capital, and whose *Life of Oscar Wilde* was reviewed in THE BOOKMAN two months ago. In some ways Mr. Sherard's book suggests the notorious *An Englishman in Paris,* which appeared fifteen or eighteen years ago; in others it reminds us of the *Memoirs of M. de Blowitz.* But whereas *An Englishman in Paris* was proved to be a huge "fake," and the impudent braggadocio and self-glorification of the former correspondent of the London *Times* provoked the reader's hostility and suspicion at every turn, Mr. Sherard's book will generally be accepted as fairly accurate and sincere. This man had exceptional opportunities, and he made good use of them. At times, when acting as correspondent for some of the yellower American newspapers, he undertook assignments that were in no way very dignified, but it was with an apparent sense of protest, and he seems, on the whole, to have been *persona grata* with the great majority of distinguished Frenchmen and eminent visitors in Paris.

There is so much that is worth while mentioning and quoting in Mr. Sherard's book that selection must be, to a certain extent, purely arbitrary. A very interesting chapter throws some new light on the unfortunate Guy de Maupassant, much of whose career is shrouded in obscurity. Maupassant, Sherard tells us, despised literature as a *métier,* loathed the professional *homme de lettres* as such, and hated all literary talk. His preference was for the sea, and he was rather proud of the fact that he had rescued from the waves at Etretat the English poet Swinburne, who, though a magnificent swimmer, had outswum his strength. Despite his avowed cynicism, there were those who knew of a love story in which he had showed himself the most ardent and faithful of lovers. There exists a series of letters to the object of his devotion which is said to be absolutely unique in beauty of style and sentiment. Mr. Sherard tells us that *Bel-Ami,* Maupassant's most widely read novel, was not a creation, but a portrait from life. The original of Georges Duray, he adds, still looms large in *Tout Paris.* "Only a few days ago I saw him pass down the Champs-Elysées in a superb carriage. He decries motoring as the sport of the vulgar." Here is Mr. Sherard's picture of De Maupassant as he was in the *Maison de Santé* in the south of France, where he ended his days:

> He imagined himself the possessor of boundless wealth. His talk was all of millions and billions and trillions. He wanted to dig holes in which to bury his immense accumulations of gold. He shouted into an imaginary telephone orders to his stockbroker to buy the French Rentes *en bloc.* At times, flying into mad passions, he would dash round and round the room in pursuit of some phantom thief. The only mercy that was shown to him was that he died in one of these terrible paroxysms. He died while he still had the semblance and the bearing of a man. His friends were spared the spectacle of that awful degradation into a condition lower than anything in animal life, to which general paralysis, where it runs its whole sacrilegious course, brings its victims. There was no very great change in his appearance when he died. Somebody who saw him after his death said to me, "He looks like a soldier who has died on the field of battle."
>
> He certainly bore some resemblance to the popular military type, with his hair cropped *à la* Bressan, his thick moustache, and the scrupulous neatness of his attire. He was always anxious to disassociate himself by his personal appearance and dress from the extravagances and Bohemianism of the professional *homme de lettres.* And though he

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would not have liked the comparison, I think that it may be said that, as when he was struck down, he was in full literary activity, Guy de Maupassant died *au champ d'honneur.*

It will probably surprise even the most ardent American admirers of the books of Jules Verne to learn that that writer had at one time ambitions to take his seat in the French Academy, and felt deeply hurt at the indifference of French men of letters to his work. Mr. Sherard met him as the result of an assignment from the New York *World* when that paper was sending Nellie Bly round the world against the record of Phineas Fogg, the hero of the *Tour de la Monde en Quatre-vingt Jours.* It was thought that it would give a good advertisement to the story if on her way through France the young woman could meet Jules Verne in Amiens, and Mr. Sherard was directed to arrange the meeting. The novelist's consent was obtained only after considerable persuasion. After the journey had been accomplished in seventy-two days, Mr. Sherard again went to Amiens to interview M. Verne, and at dinner the host produced a bottle of old wine, with which they drank the health of the young woman journalist. He spoke of working her into a story that was to be called *Lady Franklin.* For his kindness and civility he did not receive a word of thanks from the paper, and Mr. Sherard's protests on this score were met with the reply that "the old man had got good advertising out of it and had no reason to complain." Despite his enormous popularity, Jules Verne never earned from his pen as much as five thousand dollars a year. The reason for this was that early in his career he had arranged with his publishers to supply them with two novels a year for a stipulated sum, and that it never entered his head to ask for better terms.

Very few of the many Americans who are acquainted with the Haussmanised Paris have any definite knowledge of the man whose name stands for so much, who under the Empire transformed the old city of winding and narrow, albeit picturesque, streets into the Paris of splendid sweeps and magnificent thoroughfares. It is true that this transformation was marked by gigantic frauds, such as Zola depicted in *La Curée,* but from any share in these transactions Mr. Sherard hastens to exonerate Baron Haussman. The Haussman that the journalist knew was a lonely, disappointed old man; a celebrity who had disappeared and whom people in consequence thought dead; but who was living in retirement in the heart of Paris. Haussman laid stress on Napoleon III.'s share in the improvements. He said that there was hardly a great change that had not at first been suggested by the Emperor. The Baron represented himself as having been the strongest opponent of the war with Prussia in France. It had been his dream to establish a Franco-Prussian alliance, an alliance which he said had been practically offered by Bismarck in 1864, with the understanding that in return for France lending her influence against Austria, Prussia would cede to France the left bank of the Rhine. The influence which baulked this scheme was the same sinister influence which six years later led France to play into the hands of Prussia and bring on the disastrous war—the influence of the Empress Eugenie.

The irresponsibility of newspaper correspondents in general, and American newspaper correspondents in particular, Mr. Sherard ascribes to the absurd impressions which prevail in the home offices of these papers. Editors of American newspapers are given to cabling their Paris representatives orders to interview the President of the Republic on all kinds of ridiculous questions. As one correspondent expressed it, "I'll get a cable from New York, saying, Cleveland's been seen walking arm-in-arm with a buck nigger, and I'm to find out what Carnot thinks of the situation. They expect me to go to the Elysée and knock up the President and just have a friendly chat. And in that paper they have to get what they expect or you get fired. So this correspondent, having a sensitive regard for the truth, hunted up an old wine merchant by the name of Carnot, whose opinions he duly cabled to New York. Mr. Sherard tells of some of his own peculiar assignments. For instance, at one time

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John Jacob Astor was in Paris, and the journalist was ordered to find out what a man who could afford to spend thousands of dollars per diem actually did spend in two hours. On the whole Mr. Sherard considers the position of the American correspondent far better than that of the English one. He is given *carte blanche* in the matter of expense. Mr. Sherard speaks of spending as much as fifteen hundred dollars on one cable to New York, and says that when travelling, ten dollars a day was allowed him for hotel expenses alone.

Zola's Ashes

The French Senate has decided that the ashes of Emile Zola are to rest in the Pantheon. In noting this the London *Academy* comments that those who dislike Zola may console themselves with the thought that he will not remain there forever. The nature of the fame which is conferred by burial in the Pantheon is somewhat doubtful. It is a church without an altar; a classic edifice designed in the century of Voltaire, in memory of a mediæval saint. The Parisians saw at once that the Pantheon was no church, and they made it a place of interment for distinguished people. Mirabeau was the first to be buried there, but he was not allowed to stay, and the same fate befell Marat. So, too, it is only the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau that are shown: at the Restoration their ashes were flung into the Seine. Lannes, the hero of Saragossa, was more fortunate. Victor Hugo has been there for some twenty years. In 1848 the Pantheon became for the second time a church. It is the Campo Santo or the Westminster Abbey of Paris, but with a considerable difference.

Ralph Connor's New Book

According to the lists to be found at the end of this issue of THE BOOKMAN, Ralph Connor's *The Doctor* has lately been the most widely sold book in the country. The figures given out as to the number of copies comprising the various United States editions are impressive, but by no means astonishing, when one considers what literary popularity may mean nowadays. It is the Canadian success of *The Doctor* that is extraordinary. Canada possesses only about three million English-speaking inhabitants, and an edition of five or ten thousand is considered a large one for any novel. During November, December and January there have been circulated in the Dominion forty thousand copies of Ralph Connor's book.

The Books Most Read

One evening a few weeks ago, at the end of a publisher's dinner, the discussion turned to the subject of those novels which had been most widely read, and of which the greatest number of copies had been sold. While there was no reason that the argument should have been confined to comparatively recent books, it was significant that with one exception nobody thought of mentioning a book which antedated the publication of *David Harum*. Probably this was due to the generally accepted idea that before modern methods of exploitation were adopted no novel had ever had a genuinely immense sale. The one exception referred to mentioned in turn *Trilby, Saint Elmo, Ben-Hur,* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* but he was emphatically overruled on the ground that the success of the first named, when judged by actual figures, was not so great after all, and that the popularity of the other three was in no case spontaneous, but was the result of steady returns reaching over many years. On the other hand, books like *David Harum, When Knighthood Was in Flower,* and *Richard Carvel* represented a great sweep of immediate success that touched at once every corner of the land. This was undoubtedly sound, but in connection with it no one thought of mentioning the book which achieved a success unparalleled in the history of American book publishing, and probably in the book publishing history of any country—namely, Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York,* the belated sequel to which, under the title *Mr. Barnes, American,* is to be printed some time during the spring.

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RALPH CONNOR

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ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

It is just twenty years ago that not to be reading *Mr. Barnes of New York,* in case you had not already read it, was enough to cause people to regard you as something in the nature of a curiosity. If you happened to be travelling on a trans-Atlantic steamship and were to stroll along the promenade deck at the luncheon hour of a fine day you were morally certain to catch a glimpse in almost every deck chair of the gaudy yellow cover which adorned that novel. It was a story pure and simple, and to its qualities as such, and to no sensational attack and defence, it owed its enormous success. Long before its dramatised version was presented on the stage, Mr. Barnes of New York and his companion, Mr. Potter of Texas, had become stock comic figures in the theatre. And this was the book which a few months before had been rejected by half the publishers in America.

The story of the writing and publication of *Mr. Barnes of New York* is an interesting one. As has been told before in THE BOOKMAN, the character of Barnes grew out of a casual remark, be-

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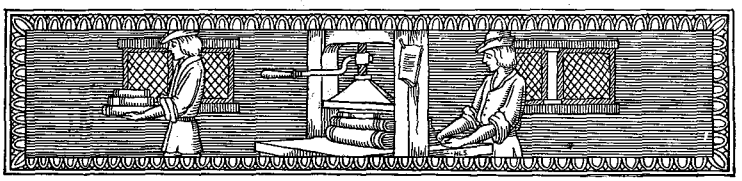
ing based upon a man by the name of Banks, a celebrated rifle shot, who once drawled, "Bet you, Gunter, you couldn't put me in a book and make me interesting." The story was first thought out as a play. In the first draught, which was written in New York, the hero was called Thomas Jefferson. The author was obliged to make a sudden trip to San Francisco, and left his manuscript behind him. Finding that his stay in the West was to be of longer duration than he had expected, he began a new version of the tale. But the name of the hero was completely gone from his memory, and so, chancing to meet a New York man by the name of Barnes while he was thinking over the matter, Mr. Thomas Jefferson became Mr. Barnes of New York. After the book had been finished and had met with repeated rejections, Mr. Gunter decided to publish it himself. It appeared in 1886, and its early career seemed to justify the judgment of those publishers who would have none of it. On the first day that it was put out not a single copy could be sold. Within seven months the sales amounted to 100,000 a month. The novel has been translated into nearly every modern language, and Mr. Gunter was once told by the editor of a Scandinavian paper that *Mr. Barnes of New York* had made him the most popular author in Sweden. In England no measures had been taken to protect properly the copyright, and the book was pirated by half a dozen publishers. One of the English editions carried the words, "186th thousand." Ten dramatic companies in England were at the same time playing various stage versions of the novel. Mr. Gunter's own dramatisation has held the American stage for eighteen years and is still being performed. As a book the sale of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, including newspaper editions, must have reached several million copies in the United States.

Frenzied Fiction

Now Frenzied Fiction! Thomas W. Lawson, "of Boston," has invaded literature with the same pyrotechnical vigour that marked his entry into the head of the procession of "muck-rakers." His *February the 13th*, which is a novel of high finance, is to be published next month. The query is offered, is this his "first essay into fiction"? Will the rampant foe of the money devil now settle down to the simple literary life? By an interesting coincidence Mr. Lawson's book is to be published by the same firm that brings out the books of Upton Sinclair and Thomas Dixon. Why not a composite book by these three lurid prophets of incendiary fiction?



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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH IN ILLUSTRATION

WILLIAM COLLIER IN "CAUGHT IN THE RAIN"

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GEORGE SPINK AND CLARA BLOODGOOD IN CLYDE FITCH'S "THE TRUTH"

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WILTON LACKAYE IN THE DRAMATISATION OF VICTOR HUGO'S "LES MISERABLES"

Act III. Jean Valjean bound in the den of Thénardier

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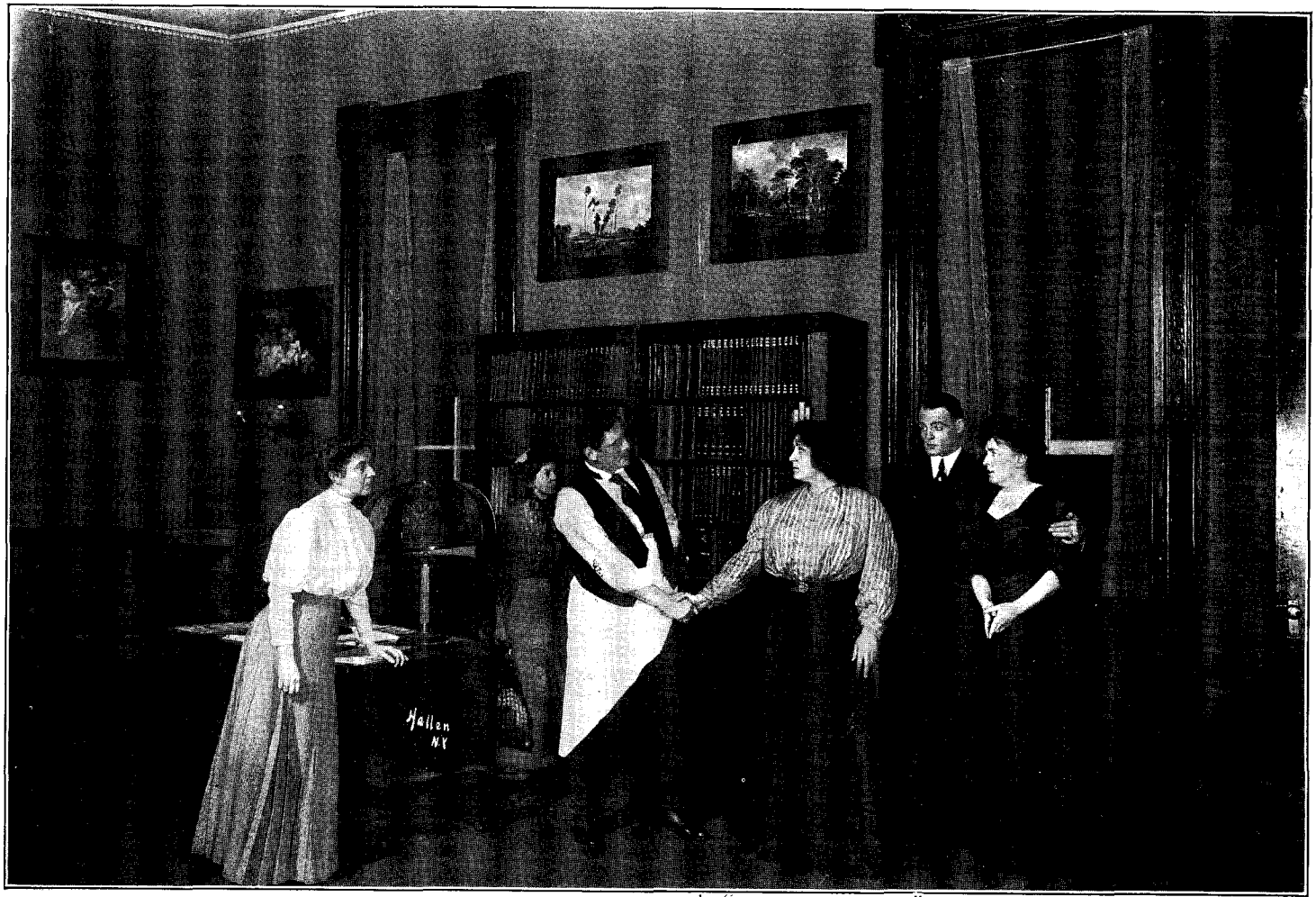

BLANCHE WALSH IN CLYDE FITCH'S "THE STRAIGHT ROAD"

LOUISE CLOSSER AS MISS LANNER | HELEN LOWELL AS MRS. FINNERTY | CHARLES DALTON AS BILL HUBBELL | BLANCHE WALSH AS MARY O'HARA | HOWARD ESTERBROOK AS DOUGLAS AINES | DOROTHY DORR AS MISS THOMPSON

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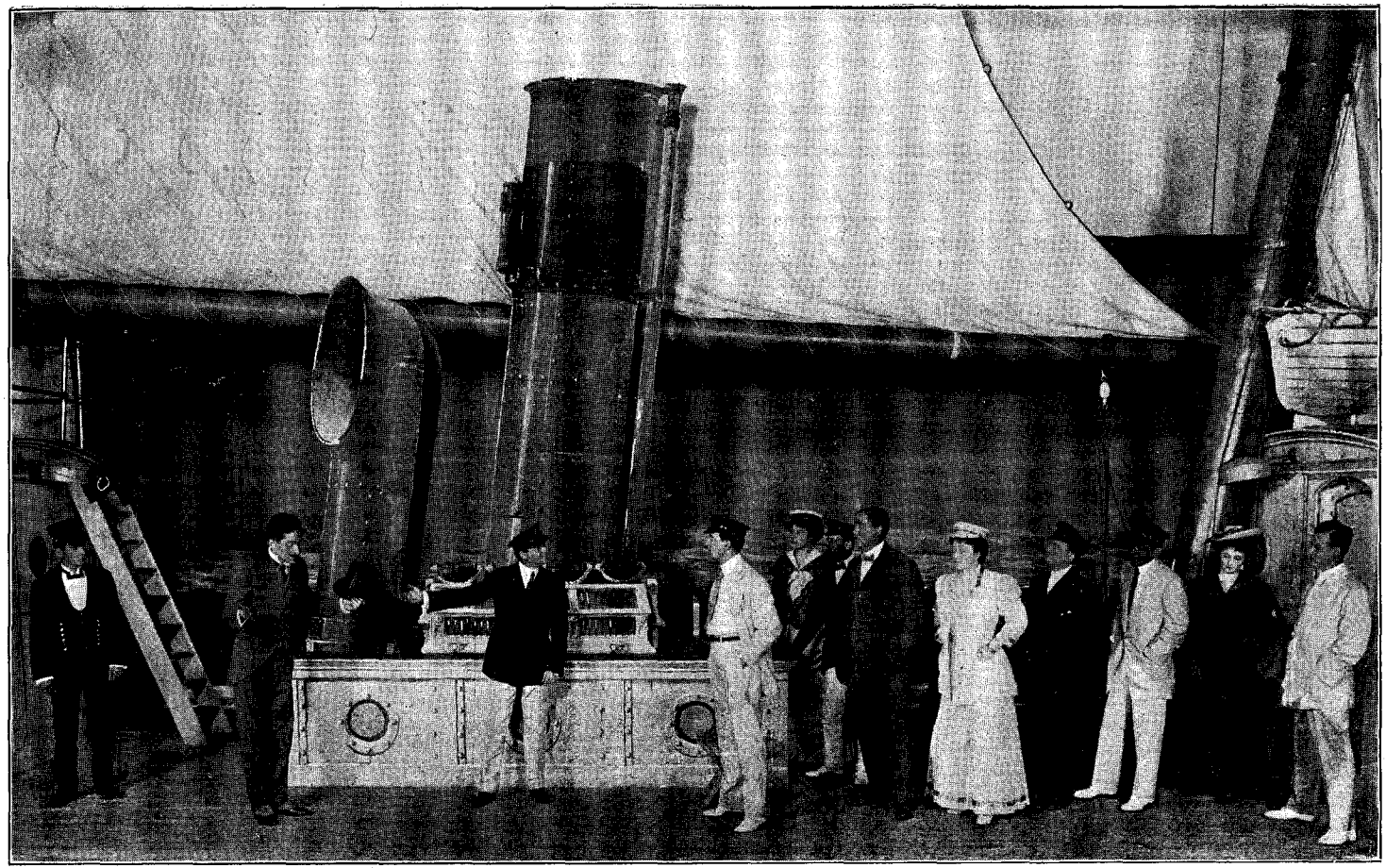

THE FAMOUS YACHT SCENE IN GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON'S "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"

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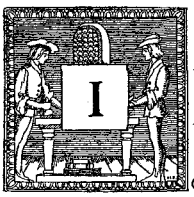
THE INSIDE LIFE OF THE STAGE

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

IN TWO PARTS

PART I



IF one were to ask the sandy-haired gentleman who peers through his wicket in the lobby of the theatre what are the component parts of a dramatic performance, he would put the box office first, the playwright second, and the actors third. Buttonhole the author as he sits in the back of the auditorium taking notes as his drama progresses, and he will declare the playwright should have first place. He does not hesitate or look up, and he has no views whatever about second or third place. This last attitude (and this alone) is shared by the actor, whom one can corner as he crawls up a blind alley to the stage door. There is but one vital requirement to an actor, and that is *the* actor, and while he does not say that it is he, personally, who is the vital requirement, he thinks it.

The actor will cite Shakespeare if not Scripture to prove that he is right, and if he knows the history of his calling, he can go far toward justifying his claim. Many a mummer has devised his own play, pitched his own tent, appeared at the wicket before the performance and on the stage during it. He may have had difficulty in making change (arithmetic is not the strong point of the artist), and the drama probably lacked every essential save the climax, but, vulgarly speaking, "he delivered the goods," and we defy the joint efforts of the box office and playwright to produce like results.

Granted (to avoid back talk) that the actor makes the theatre, what, then, are the essentials for the making of an actor, or, let me say, actress, for in the present day the actor has as little to do with printer's ink as has the male chorus with the front row of an opera. It takes a certain courage to propound this question. One has learned it is not a subject to be disposed of in a paragraph—no, nor around a season of after-the-play supper tables, with ever so lenient a waiter to encourage long arguments.

The summary of dramatic requirements, together with the staggering topic of how much one must "feel a part," is the *crux* of theatrical gatherings. Extemporaneous expression is a gift withheld from many earnest students of the stage, and there is much vague talk of dramatic instinct, mentality, and that long-suffering word, temperament. Now and then a feeble-voiced one will plead that a woman without talent can be shaped into a very good actress indeed providing she has the brains to know, although lacking the emotions to feel, what the situation demands, but the argument is invariably snorted down, and among these scoffers are always to be found the "old 'uns" of the circle—gentle old men who have so long regarded acting as a gift from God that they make no attempt to improve upon His offering, and play unquestioningly through life, sans mind, sans effort, sans success.

ENVIRONMENT AND HEREDITY

But one does not need to dig as deeply amid strange words as does the supper table of verbose strollers to find excellent causes for the existence of an actress. Possibly the simplest reason, and the one most readily accepted by the gentle Old Timer, is that she appeared when she was very young—carried on, in fact, at the age of three months by a famous actor, and when she was not in the play she slept in mother's dressing-room or played with father's grease paints. As she grew older she was given lines to speak, which she did glibly, gladly, self-taught, for she was a child of the profession. Upon reaching the gangly age she was sent to school, and when she had grown old enough to play soubrette rôles she returned to the stage, because she must earn her living, and, naturally, she followed in the footsteps of her people. Be-

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yond perfect ease of manner, she may show little aptitude for her work—little liking—but she continues in it, often making a place for herself, but quite as often living in the glory of her more famous parents—so uneven is the law of inherited talent.

But there are much more astonishing causes for the actress than that of environment or heredity, and tracing the Stage Struck Bee backwards over his course to the many towns from which actor folk spring, it is curious to discover at what an early date he first planted his sting and on what remarkable occasions. Who would think that the starched nightie in which the baby appeared as an angel of light in the Sunday-school Christmas cantata would invite the attention of the Stage Struck Bee, or that the baby's worthy parents, who applauded from the front pew, were conniving with the insect! And yet the sting was planted, a pleasant sensation like a certain nervous buzzing in the head when one is highly praised, and the bee went zigzagging up the street to look over certain raw material in the Elite Dramatic Club.

The years passed, and the baby developed into a girl who spoke pieces on all the holidays by special invitation, and was much sought after for the entertainments of the G. A. R. On and upwards she climbed, even to the front rank of the Elite Dramatic Club, which, by now, had become so well disciplined an organisation that it could play *David Garrick* almost without a prompter. Her mother toiled over her frocks, her father cut notices from *The Gazette* and sent them to far-off relatives, the town deemed her a wonder, and there seemed no alternative for the young woman—so cunningly does the poison of the bee inoculate one—no alternative save "to go upon the stage."

Then comes the season of tears and arguments—with her minister, who got up the Christmas cantata; with her teacher, who taught her "Paul Revere"; with her mother, who had made the frocks for her public appearances—but so powerful is the sting of the Bee that she surmounted every obstacle, and with father's money (strictly borrowed) in a little pocket around her waist, she goes on to New York. And as she travels, from all over the country are coming other girls to engage in the same battle, but she does not know this. She feels that she can surely make a name. So does her mother (secretly); so do her town folks (openly).

THE TEST OF COURAGE

Sometimes she does make this name, so that one need not read my recipe for the composition of an actress with curves of sarcasm. And sometimes she doesn't; but mark you, she stays on. The poisonous sting of the Stage Struck Bee may have long worn itself out; the "glamour of the footlights," after years of flitting across the stage in unsympathetic parts, has proven to be a fallacy, but as her ideals drop away from her, the power of the theatre takes firm hold—the joy of the comradeship, the gamble of every engagement, the easy expenditure of emotions in the daily life, even the musty odour which greets her nostrils when the battered door of the stage is swung open. Such are the things she grows to love. If a bit of the divine fire, or histrionic ancestors, or the starched nightie of the Christmas cantata make her an actress, surely it is these last peculiar ingredients which keep her one.

The securing of theatrical engagements when a girl is unknown is the wheel on which to test her courage. If she can stand the morning round of the managers, the impertinences of the office boy, the long hours of fruitless waiting in the outer offices, and does not find her spirit broken, she can go on until the blissful day arrives when her contracts are made through a series of polite notes and one interview—by appointment. There is very little in the world finer than having an "appointment" with a management.

It is often asserted that the feeling between manager and actor is one of natural antipathy, and it has occurred to me from bitter experience that these long morning waits engender the emotion. But this cannot be laid at the door of the manager, figuratively speaking. At least one of the causes of the manager's irritation is the fixed belief of the player that a

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manager has very little to do but interview his kind when making a production; whereas the playwright, the scenic artist, property man, electrician, and costumer can all justly claim a large part of his time. Then, too, the keen business sense of the manager and the lack of such acumen on the part of the actor places them at variance with each other. To be sure, if they possessed the keen business sense, the actors would be managers, but the consciousness of this does not lessen a certain contempt, or, with the better class of manager, a kindly feeling of protection for these children who earn his bread and butter. Add to this the wilful sensation of opposition that all tempestuous youngsters entertain toward those in control, and one can see a reason, if not a good one, for the belligerent attitude of box office and player.

THE MANAGER AS TEMPTER

It is worthy of note, however, that the most successful managers financially, as well as the most popular, are those who have a certain understanding of the "temperamental" being. The artist is quick to respond to sympathy, and in exchange for diplomatic handling gives his best efforts to further the success of a play. The most despised manager, to my knowledge, and one who has not advanced either in a worldly way or in the managerial scale, is a man who speaks of his people as "my cattle." And it is a laughing shame to record the instance of a young girl who, having served years of apprenticeship in his miserable companies, was fearful that her new manager was going to "make advances" because he raised his hat in speaking to her.

Since the subject of Manager as Tempter has inadvertently crept into this mild but honest discourse, let it be disposed of with the brevity it deserves. Managers are much like all business men who employ women in their offices—no better, no worse, save that they are busier and are so continually associated with the actress in a business way that the sex values are often entirely lost sight of. It is a soft-hearted and soft-headed producer indeed who will hazard the success of his play by casting a girl for a prominent part because her eyes have bewitched him. No; the far-off mother may well be troubled over the regularity and quality of her daughter's meals, but the managerial bugbear need cause her no uneasiness.

Besides, the young girl who elects to go upon the stage can generally take care of herself, given the gift of humour which Kipling regards as the salvation of all women. A certain actress, now of prominence, once related her experience several years ago with a foolish old gentleman who was backing a failing venture. It became necessary to cut salaries, and the company one by one went into the sacred inner office to resign their contracts or refuse the cut. The young girl accepted a reduction from thirty-five dollars to twenty-five dollars a week with great philosophy, but when, to seal the contract, the foolish old gentleman grappled for a kiss, the girl pushed him away. "Nix, nix!" she said, grimly. "Not for twenty-five!"

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PLAY

The waiting in the outer office for an engagement is not the beginning of a production. While the young actress was still the leading lady of the Elite Dramatic Club, the play in question was being painfully evolved from divers notes and an elaborate scenario. If the author is unknown to the world, his play may fall into the right hands, thanks to his friends, to his perseverance, or through sheer luck, before it has been declined by every manager who can be bullied into hearing it. All plays do not suit all managers, though no office would return a play that would be guaranteed a success, even though the firm goes in for simple productions, plays for male stars, or any style that this "Sure Thing" is not.

It appears to be as difficult to judge a play from the manuscript as it is to pick a winning horse on "form." Within the last few years practically all of our great successes went the rounds of the offices before a manager saw the value in them; and the first years of a young playwright are as hard as that of a young actor, for he enters an office with his script clasped to his breast and insists upon reading, not

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leaving it. He fears that the play will be sent back unread, and that it will not be read through he may be certain if the first few pages have not the qualities of sustained interest and crisp dialogue. Many theatrical firms employ readers—good judges of plays, if there be such a thing—who pick out the most promising of the manuscripts and hand them over to the producers for perusal when all the rest of their daily tasks are completed.

Should the play be accepted, and the author one young in experience, he may be induced to sell outright for a small sum, possibly five hundred dollars. If he is more astute than his years, or if the manager is not assured of the play's success, he may accept a still smaller sum and a royalty on the weekly gross receipts, varying from four to six per cent. If his play succeeds, the author becomes another person. His next work is in demand. Sometimes, if his style appears to fit a certain star, the manager begs a scenario—an outline of a play for her. The scenario accepted, a sum of money is paid before the play is undertaken, a larger sum when the play is finished, and a royalty on the gross receipts that often reaches fifteen per cent.

ROYALTIES AND RETURNS

The popular playwright is still more arbitrary. Year after year a manager may send him a blank contract with no reference to terms, begging for a play for one of his stars. Year after year the playwright will send it back—he does not "feel" that he can write for the lady. If he signs the contract, and terms are decided upon, he does not and will not submit the outline of the play. His judgment must be depended upon, and not until the script is sent to the office does the manager or star know what they are receiving for the sum varying from $2500 to $5000 which they are expending. This amount, to be paid before the production, is but a tittle of the playwright's profits should his effort succeed. His royalties could easily amount to $1500 or $1600 a week on a single play, and one young man of to-day of no great mentality, but with a certain facility for turning out musical comedies, is harvesting at least $175,000 a year. Small wonder that the writer of books is turning his hand to the making of plays.

With the acceptance of a drama follows the contracts for its production, the finding of a metropolitan theatre, and the arrangement for booking "on the road" in case there is no playhouse in New York for the purpose. Unless a well-known star has established her "following," a new play has little chance of making money through the country until it has been produced at some one of the large cities whose daily papers control certain territories. Often a manager cannot be assured of a New York house until the performance has been witnessed in some of the little towns around the city by members of the great theatrical syndicates who control the theatres, both in and out of the city. If the play is good, it will be given the first opportunity to supplement some failure in town; if it does not pass muster, one of the syndicates will continue to book it through the country so long as the manager is willing to pay the percentage which the "octopus" demands upon the receipts. Although, on the other hand, the portion of a well-paying attraction while on tour varies from 65 to 80 per cent. of the gross. In New York percentages are controlled by a sliding scale, as the receipts creep from $5000, $8000 to $11,000 and above a week. Again, if a manager is eager to play his star in New York, and the syndicates are disinterested, he may be obliged to rent the theatre outright at a sum varying from $2500 to $3500 weekly. And there is no gladder sight than such a manager with a surprising success to his credit and a larger part of the profits flowing into his pockets.

THE SCENIC ARTIST

Coincident with the booking comes the long hours spent with the scenic artist—a well-dressed man of the world, who works in a little office off his great bare studio, where the scenes are painted. With a copy of the play before him, he faithfully designs the sets in miniature, and if the playwright has arrived at the stage commanding serious consideration, he is conferred with as to the colour

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scheme. No doll's house was ever so beautifully executed as are these minute stages—a foot and a half high, but in perfect proportion—when they are ready at last to be taken to the manager's office for criticism. One longs to be a child again, and I often wonder who gets them all after the measurements are made and the real canvas scenes are stretched upon the paint frame in the studios.

Managers who lease theatres in New York, and make productions also, often have their scenery painted in their theatres, although the fire laws compel the building of the frames over which the canvas is stretched to be done outside of the play house, as it necessitates the use of lumber. Properties, too, are made by men under the firm's employ, and the head property man is a sculptor of no mean quality. He models first in clay, from which plaster casts are made, and into the cleft mould are packed layers of papier-maché and glue; afterward comes the gilding or painting, and at last the ancient drinking vessels, or whatever may have been his effort, are placed upon the shelf in the property room ready for the dress rehearsal.

INVADING THE MANAGER

By the time a manager has made his preliminary arrangements, if it is not well known on the Rialto that a play is soon to be produced, he is a man of great cunning. "I hear there's something doing over at H. & L.'s," reports one of the seekers, who has possibly seen a scenic artist with a model under his arm enter the office, and that is quite sufficient for the Rialto. They clamour at the door, they invade the outer office, leaning against the walls, sitting on the window sills and fearlessly guying the box office. Actresses who have been with them in previous companies enter, and there is much subdued greeting and gossiping.

It is into this bewildering company that the young woman of the Elite Dramatic Club may be ushered on her dread first day, if, indeed, she has had the courage to advance that far, for the defiant girl who, smiling through her tears, waved a confident farewell to her townspeople a week or so ago is not the same young lady who slips from a side-street boarding-house to begin her search for fame. In the first place, her clothes do not look as well as they did when she left home, although they were of the very best back there—even too advanced in style. Now she admits that the sleeve *should* have been shorter, and she pulls it up above the elbow and stretches her glove to cover the void. Then her assurance, her magnificent faith in herself, seems to be oozing out of her fingers' ends. There are so many of them—all with sleeves above the elbow—and they all know one another, and talk in so high and glad a key.

"There's confidence for you!" thinks the novice to herself.

A season or so later she learns that the high, glad key is part of the game, and the elbow-sleeved ones are just as busy concealing anxious, beating hearts as is she. But for the moment she is staggered, and she slips into the farthest corner of the waiting room, accepting a chair that an actor has given her by the side of two highly befurbelowed actresses. He seems a happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow, this actor, and she envies him, but when the office boy suddenly turns upon him and with a jerk of the head directs him toward the sanctum, he loses all his carefree manner, and with his hat crushed nervously in his hand, goes into the cigar-smoking gentleman with very little to say for himself beyond the fact that he is there.

While the girl waits, scraps of conversation reach her ears.

"That is what maddens me," the woman next to her may be confiding to her friend in a very, very undertone, as the young actor is ushered into the Presence. "That we should feel poor, miserable things when we are out looking for engagements. I go into an office and I keep saying to myself, 'You are a capable actress, the manager needs you just as much as you need him. Somebody's got to fill the part, and he's trying to get somebody. It's a perfectly fair exchange, so don't be a goose.' And yet if I do get as far as his desk, and those fishy eyes are turned on me, I feel just what he's trying to make me feel—that I'm nothing but an impostor trying to take up his valuable time."

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"Well, they're not all like that, thank the Lord," responded the friend. "I like to go across the hall. He's nice in there. If he's busy he says so, and asks you to come again. He doesn't keep you waiting for hours and then have the office boy yip out, 'He's gone for lunch!' And when you see him he's always positive, but pleasant. It's yes or no with him; no jollying and keeping you on the string and sick with hoping, or no treating you like a dog in order to scare you into a bad contract."

"The thing that scares me into a bad contract," the first actress replies, "is to see about one hundred and thirty-five million other girls after the same part, not one of them, of course, who could touch *me* in it, but all of them with just as good a chance, owing to influence, or good clothes, or better looks."

"That's it!" asserted the friend, after a pause. "There are too many of us—the good mixed in with the bad. Of course, in the end the good come out ahead; but oh! the fight. You see if there weren't so many to choose from that devil fish in there would have to take the cigar out of his mouth and hustle for us."

This interview, hair-raising to the novice, might be concluded by the appearance of the office boy with her card in one hand and the letter which she had presented in the other, and before her turn—before her turn, I repeat—she is ushered into the Presence.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION

One may notice a certain reticence on my part in referring to "the letter." One would like to feel that the girl had taken this first step unaided, but in interviewing many of my acquaintances, I found only one who secured a position upon the stage without the smallest influence. She was pretty, and, lying like Sapphira as to her years of previous experience, she was given, and moreover retained, an engagement. Many of the others had begun in small towns, joined companies as they were passing through, or, alas, played in the "Juvenile Pinafore" and became indelibly associated with the stage. Some of them had married actors or business managers, and began by playing maids or super parts in order that their fares could be paid, permitting them to travel with their husbands. Excellent actresses have developed from this worthy attempt to keep together, and, sadly enough, it is then that the parting of the ways must come as each one strives to find a place, a separate place, upon the shaking, slippery ladder of fame.

Those young people who have been graduated from a New York dramatic school have had the advantage during the year of rehearsing under many of the best stage managers, and if their work has been promising, they are often assisted by these men. The directors themselves guarantee no engagements, but do what they can to help the pupils, and certain firms are in the habit of sending to the school for their small fry in the casting of a play. Much can be forgotten that is learned in a school of dramatic art, but in one of the oldest institutions, at least, there will be found a joy, a reverence and an enthusiasm for the noble workshop of the stage that will not be effaced by years of sordid travelling in sordid companies.

To return to the girl with the letter, or, rather, to the letter with the girl, it may be but a word of greeting from a friend who once did the manager a good turn; or, more simply, who once did the manager; or, even more likely, the other way round. Possibly the village editor sent a line to the city editor dwelling with surprising warmth on their boyhood days, and begging for any favour that the city man can do the country girl for the sake of old times. The city editor, with a view to getting rid of his responsibility, indites a hurried note to a manager he may know, and the letterhead of his newspaper passes in the young lady out of her turn before all the other actresses, even those with sleeves way, way above the elbow.

If she is a lucky girl, the kind that always catches instead of misses a car, he may have a part, a very small one, to be sure, but one that "stands out," he will tell her, ready for her acceptance, and she will go back to her boarding-house on air and send her folks a night message telling the good news. If he has nothing of the sort, he may "sic" her

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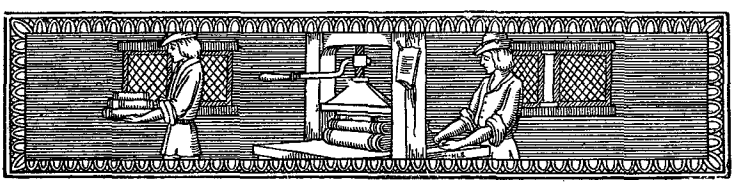
(a managerial expression, not mine) on to a firm on the floor below, and there she may read a sign to the effect that all engagements have been made, which will turn her away—but not the searchers of the Rialto. They take small stock in such weak, well-worn efforts for seclusion, and they continue to cluster around the windows and lean against the walls and guy the office boy.

Possibly the newspaper letterhead will induce the first manager to give her even another letter, and this to a dramatic agent, and the agent, for the sake of the manager's letterhead, may look out for the girl, and, eventually, after a shake of the head for many mornings in succession, accompanied by a laconic "Nothing doing," he may send her, along with several others, to a firm which is making up a company. In that way she may secure her first engagement just as her best gown is getting shabby, the money in the pocket around her waist dwindling, and the weight on her heart increasing.

The forbidding sign, "All engagements made for the season," that greets the sophisticated Thespian's eye upon his entering an office, is sometimes more than half a truth, though the scenic artist is rushing in and out and the stenographer is obviously copying parts from a manuscript. There is a clause in the contracts of some of the best playwrights permitting them to select their casts, providing the actors, banking on the management's engaging them perforce, do not jump their salaries from a modest sum to that of a railroad president. Long before the script is finished the principal characters have been engaged. We hear a greal deal nowadays about an actress "reading a part" before she will accept it, and it is a fair arrangement, but one not generally permitted save with a very big actress and a very small playwright. However, if the author has no definite one in mind, or has not the power to demand his cast, the manager is frequently obliged to offer to his principals for reading the parts he is desirous of their playing. Frequently they are read and handed back "with thanks," and so difficult is it to judge of the value of a part that the poor rejected rôle "is the hit, my dear, the hit of the whole performance, *and I turned it down!*"

Even longer than the telling of it is the preparation of a production, but at last the day for the reading of the play has arrived, and the novice, who, thanks to a series of letterheads, has secured that most remarkable of all things, a metropolitan engagement (eight lines, all the understudying, and $25 a week), trembles into her refurbished best, and questions her way to the theatre, new hope in her heart—and considerably less vanity.



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THE STOOPING LADY*

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH WE HEAR FROM HER, AND OF HER—AND PRESENTLY A CRY OF THE HEART.

Caryll House, a great pile of building in the Augustan style, stood in its own garden, surrounded by its own spiked wall, and abutted on the Green Park, as nearly as I can judge, somewhere south of the Bridgwater House of our day. You drove in from Cleveland Row between a fine pair of wrought-iron gates, which dragon-crested pillars upheld, which a porter in a lodge jealously guarded, and which no commoner might pass unquestioned and alive. It was said of this porter that he had never, in a service of thirty years, been mistaken in a peer or a peer's son, though he admitted in moments of confidence that he was not so sure as he had been of third generations. Jacob Jacobs was the name of this valuable Argus, and he had been given to understand his value. Once a year, on Saint George's Day, he was bidden to the house by the steward, received into the housekeeper's room, where the wine and cake stood upon the table; and after an interval of not more than half an hour, heralded by two footmen and the butler, Lady Morfa herself appeared, leaning on the arm of her appointed companion for the time. All rose to their feet. The butler advanced to the table, poured out a glass of brown sherry, and handed it to her ladyship. She took it, and herself handed it to Jacob Jacobs, who received it with a profound salutation and a careful bow. Meantime, the housekeeper had cut up the cake. "Jacobs," said her ladyship, "I desire that you will drink this to the health of the House. It is Saint George's Day."

"I thank your ladyship kindly," was the time-honoured reply. "Here's Fame to the House and stability to the British Constitution." Those are difficult words—we know they were made a test case for topers—but Jacob Jacobs had never failed in them yet. He drained his glass, and handed it back to his lady, who retired. The cake and wine might then be consumed by the assistant at the ceremony, no one of whom had ever been graced so highly as this. Once, many years ago, the house-steward (father of the man of 1809) had led her ladyship out in Sir Roger de Coverley. But that had been after the christening of his present lordship—and that had been in the country, where manners are more relaxed.

These particulars will serve to show what kind of state was maintained within that massy approach guarded by the privileged Jacobs, and perhaps to explain the fact that it was found to be excessively irksome by Miss Hermia Mary, after the slippered ease, the hunt-breakfasts, the barehead-scampers, and firelight readings of Chambre's Court, after the domestic calm—chicken-rearing, egg-marking, gardening, and what-not of her more recent experience, in the home of Cousin Mary Fox, at sweet Kilbride. In an early letter to this lady—always her dearest friend—we catch some hint of it. "A giant to each door, and a row of white-headed, flaming-breeched giants in the gallery; a groom of the chambers to herald any silly errand to grandmamma—vexatious, Mary! I feel like a parcel from the country—fresh butter, perhaps—handed about from man to man, from coach to coach, and delivered at last, greasy and thumbed, to my purchaser. She, of course, gives me over to a secretary or a maid to be opened and put away.

"Oh, Mary, Mary," she wails in her comical way, "we have six men to feed us, and each man has his office. One hands clean plates, one must touch dirty plates only; if the butler has toothache, nobody can have any wine. At least, I suppose not, but as yet he has escaped it. We have a clergyman to say our prayers for us—who says twice a day, 'Thou Who didst bring order out of chaos, and say

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unto Thine Elect, *Come, ye blessed,* and unto others, *Depart ye,* bless this noble family, which Thou hast set up, prosper it exceedingly,' etc. Upon my honour, Mary! And instead of my dear old Gibby to sit on my bed and scold me while I get ready for it, I am now undressed and put there by a Mrs. Moth, and I can't get out of the place at all unless Mr. Jacobs chooses to unlock the gates and somebody goes with me to see that I don't run away. They say, Lord Rodono says, that Carlton House is a lodge in a garden of cucumbers compared with ours, and grandmamma says, 'Very probably.' She calls the royal family 'a horde of Germans,' and says that they eat sausages in the Throne Room. She thinks that very bad, but I see no advantage in being a prince unless you can do as you please—and if you like sausages, why not where you can eat them? We are to go there on Wednesday week, so I shall be able to judge. I shall certainly eat sausages if I'm asked. Dick likes all this parade, or says he does. It makes me think of dear papa, who taught mamma to run away from it, and I cry my eyes out at night sometimes when I know there won't be a footman there to hand a handkerchief or catch my tears in a bottle. Truly, that's the *only* time I am alone."

She has something more to say of Mrs. Moth, her new maid.

"Grandmamma has sent away poor Gibson—there was such a scene! The dear girl sobbed and clung, vowed she'd be cut off me in pieces; but 'her ladyship' was not to be moved, so she went yesterday, and now I'm without a friend in England. I'm glad to say that she has gone to her old aunt's at Plashetts—Cousin George Goigne's place in Hertfordshire—and I'm promised faithfully to see her once a year. 'Moth' is the name of my new maid—like a person's in Shakespeare! Mrs. Moth. She is a very fashionable young lady, rather pretty, I suppose, with quick, black eyes, which she knows how to use, I can see. She minces her words, calls china *chaney,* and me Miss *Cheembre.* You should have seen her picking over my clothes, raking about with finger and thumb. She and grandmamma fingered them together, and bickered over them like two hoodie crows. I was furious, but it made no difference. Madame Pelerine, or some name of the sort, was sent for to make me 'fit to be seen'—that will take half-a-dozen gowns at least, according to Moth. If they are to be like some I saw at Lady Jersey's last night I shall die of shame. My sweet cousin, you never saw such gowns, or such absence of gowns—literally *abandoned!* Mrs. Fancourt was there, like Venus rising from the sea—happily somewhere near the waist she thought better of it, and the rest remained under water. As for Lady Oxford—but my pen refuses its office—*burns my hand.*"

It is about this time that we meet with her in some of the gossips, diarists of the time. Lady Susan C——, who had known her in Ireland, writing to the Duchess of L——, "I met Hermy Chambre at D—— House, the dear sweet. She was looking lovely—radiant—with her hair done up *à la Grecque,* and her beautiful shoulders slipping in and out of her bodice. Her roses put us wicked old Cockneys to shame. She has a very bold way of speaking, I must say—she always had—and will give Lady M—— some trouble, I doubt. I hope she will. That's a proud old mouse-trap of a woman, my dear soul. . . . Mervyn Touchett, too, was greatly taken with her. . . .2nd February. Dined at Caryll House—a large party—Sussexes, Badlesmeres, Crowlands, Rogers, of course, Lady Embercourt, Moira and his *flame,* Hertford, without his, etc. The *débutante* was in fine *verve,* coloured like a ripe peach—melting ripe, M. said: a charming as well as a lovely person. Prinny is said by Tom C—— to be mightily struck, and she is quite to his taste: beautiful! She has wit, or, rather, raillery, but can be seriously scornful when she chooses. We talked politics—old Stanhope's; *perpetual motion* about the State of the Nation, condition of the people, and what-not. She said that we talked of England as though it were a 'gentleman's seat,' and the people the rabbits in it. Why did we always treat 'the people' *en bloc* like a head of game? I replied that Bonaparte had made us think in continents, but that you always heard of a man, however obscure, when he was hanged. 'Yes,' says

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Miss, raising her fine brows, 'we're all noble when we're dead—all peers then.' Not much in it, of course, but she intended to snub me—and did."

Here you have her, then, as a strong young swimmer breasting the current of London's tide. "I have seen," she writes, "Lord Crowland, Saint Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the lion at Exeter Change, and Madame Catalani. I put them in the order of their coming, though it is that of my appreciation, too. Lord Crowland *is strikingly handsome. Do you know* the story of his marriage? It is most romantic. He had loved her for *years,* though she was the wife of another, and finally, when they were travelling abroad somewhere, his feelings overcame him, and he spoke to her. She confessed the state of her heart, and they have been married quite a long time. . . . There was a divorce, naturally, and I believe a meeting between the gentlemen. I have seen her, too; she was very kind to me. I think *him* cold, and, though you may not agree, extremely *correct.* Of course, he is a chief of the Whig clan, which Lord Rodono calls *plus royaliste que le roy,* because it considers itself to be king of kings. Lord R. is in the House of Commons, and pretends to be a *Jacobin;* but Captain Ranald—Lord Clanranald's son and a real hero—says that he's nothing of the sort. I am great friends with both of these personages. Mr. Ranald is the bravest man that ever lived since papa and Lord Edward died; he is a sailor and, Lord Rodono says, a pirate. He uses very strong language—hates the Government, but says that nothing can be done *without pikes."*

She goes about, here to a great house, there to a great assembly—to Almack's, for instance—wondering, watching, judging out of her young clear eyes. She is taken to Court, and kisses the old Queen's hand, and even there can find a moment in which to pity "the poor, faded, kind princesses." She is at Carlton House, kissed by the Prince of Wales. . . . "He was sadly flushed, Mary, and smelt of brandy; but you could see the ravages of beauty in him—his eyes, for instance, are extraordinary, bright blue, and not cold, but hot and impetuous, like that young butcher's I told you about, who fought two gentlemen at once—and I must say that he was charming. He talked to me, standing, for ten minutes at least, neglecting a whole herd of people who were waiting to kiss or to be kissed, and then led me into another room and sat by me on a divan. Grandmamma came, too, of course—she never lets me out of her sight (as if I were a jewel-case on a journey!)—but he hardly noticed her. He talked for nearly half an hour, I suppose, and if I could believe a word he said I should call him a perfect *Jacobin.* He might lead England to Liberty, Mary, if he chose! He said that he had loved Lord Edward like a blood-brother, and that he loved papa for being on his side. But he owned that, situated as he was with the King and Ministers, he could do nothing—as yet. Some day, he said, he hoped and prayed might see him King of the *English,* not of England, which 'nobody,' he said, most impressively, 'has ever been since the death of King Edward the Confessor, my revered ancestor.' This may have been blarney, my dear, to suit my Irish upbringing, but it was very beautiful, and made grandmamma snort. I own that it made me near crying. Then the rather disagreeable but most witty Mr. Sheridan came up, and said something in a low voice, and the prince kissed my hand before he went off with him. Mr. Sheridan's eyes are burning black. Grandmamma was very gracious as we drove home—said I had had a great success. . . ."

All very pleasant so far; but a week later we get a taste of her quality, where it conflicts with my Lady Morfa's. I dare not omit it.

"I have had a passage of arms with grandmamma," she tells her Mary, "rather unpleasant while it lasted, but I got my way. It was all about Harriet Moon, who is her companion and secretary, it seems, though I never knew it before. Well, the day before yesterday, when I came upstairs after luncheon, I found a girl standing, bonneted and pelissed, in the corridor leading to grandmamma's wing—as if she was waiting for somebody. I hardly glanced at her, but just noticed that she looked thin and

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pale, and had mournful eyes, very large —brown, I thought them, and so they are, beautiful eyes indeed. I read for an hour, and then Moth came to dress me for a drive—and when I went down, there was the girl still standing in the corridor. I asked her, Did she want anything? And she thanked me very nicely, and said 'Oh, no.' So I drove until it was dusk, and then came back and went upstairs—and there was that poor girl still standing! This time I asked her if she would not come in and rest in my sitting-room by the fire; and she refused for a long time. But I insisted, and she began to cry—so I settled it by leading her bodily in. I put her by the fire with her toes on the fender, and sent Moth down to get her some cake and a glass of wine—for she looked *famished.*

"The wine revived her. I was as kind to her as I could be, and made her tell me everything. She was Harriet Moon, she told me, who had been to her people in Shropshire—nursing her mother, I think—and had overstayed her leave by two or three days. And this, if you please, was 'her ladyship's' way of showing her high displeasure—to keep that miserable girl, after two days and a night in the stage-coach, waiting in the corridor from half-past one to half-past four, without bite or sup. Apart from the savagery of the revenge, apart from the hatefulness of stooping so far for vengeance, think of the terror of that shivering wretch, who dared not move even when the tyrant was out! It gave me a horror, but made my cheeks burn like fire. I do so *detest* power used like that.

"Well, Harriet Moon was in a terrible fright as to what 'her ladyship' would say or do when she found out what I had done; and, as it happened, her own woman did come in presently to say that 'Miss Moon was wanted'! I sent a message to say where she was, and that she would come; and then, as the timid creature was quite white and trembling, I decided to go with her. And I did it—took her arm, and marched into grandmamma's boudoir as bold as you please. I said, 'Grandmamma, I've brought Miss Moon to you, but you mustn't tease her to-night. You've made her quite ill enough as it is. I think you've been most unkind—and if you are going to be cross with her, I shall punish you.' Of course, I made her think that this was said for impudence, but I meant it. I had a plan—what do you think? I had made up my mind that, unless she was pleasant to the girl, I should threaten to tell the Prince the whole story!

"Grandmamma's head began to shake, as it always does when she's put out; she shook like a poplar leaf when I told her about the staked horse and the fight at the gates—and she wagged her hand about on her crutch. I could see that she was very vexed with me, but she pretended that she hadn't known Miss Moon was there. She calls her 'Moon'—did you ever hear such arrogance? She told me to go away, but I said that I could not until she understood that I had insisted on taking Miss Harriet into my room, etc., etc. And then I went on to talk about all sorts of things, 'in my airy way,' as Cousin George Fox calls it, and made her laugh. That ended it. Harriet came to me late that same night, after I had returned from Almack's, and thanked me. She had pretty ways, and lovely brown eyes—quite lovely. I think she's *cowed* here, and driven to various concealments and subterfuges, poor, pretty creature. She is two or three years older than I am, but has the spirit of a mouse. The whole affair has made an impression upon me. It is very hateful, I think. How furious my dear papa would have been. I saw him really angry once over some such cold piece of cruelty. 'If you stoop, Hermy,' he said to me once, 'stoop nobly.'"

Miss Chambre seems here to have begun her championing of the oppressed, and she continued it long. She is to continue it, I tell you fairly, until this book is done, in various ways and by divers expenditures of person, name, and fame. She is to retire from the fray—I scorn concealment; leave that to poor Miss Moon—sane and whole, but not without bruises. Bruises are to be looked for, unless you follow the practice of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons. She and her virgin cohorts, we know, maimed themselves before battle. Miss Hermia Mary never stopped for that.

The note deepens from this point, the

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letters cry. Here is one extract, torn from the girl's heart: "Behind all this enormous parade I seem now and then to be guessing, groping after monstrous shapes which evade me—an indifference, an ignorance, a callousness to rights, sufferings, private torture, which almost pass belief. I'll tell you more later, when I know more; just now my heart is on fire. Love me, Mary, love me still, before I am past all loving, and nothing but a silver-papered parcel on a high shelf in a cabinet. Now and till then, your Hermy."

Here is a "p.p.s.," with a comic wistfulness in it—serio-comic, as I believe. . . . "I have seen the place in the wall of the garden over which mamma climbed when dear papa came for her. His horse stood immediately below, in the park. The iron spikes which he broke off have never been replaced. I see a glimmer of hope through the gap." Now comes a break of more than a week, and then a real cry of pain. The girl is shocked. . . .

"Oh, Mary! Oh, Mary! I can hardly write for shame. You remember what I told you of the scene outside the gates—of the murdered horse? You'll never believe me. Those two young men were my Uncle Morfa and his friend, Lord Edlogan. This is literally true. They now own to it. They were tipsy, but that is no excuse for what is going on now. They have sent the owner of the horse to prison, and mean to keep him there, without a trial. He's a Radical, I hear, I can't tell you any more just yet.—Your disgraced HERMIA MARY."

CHAPTER V

IN WHICH, AT LAST, WE GET THE FACTS

So we are back again, dead-up against the butcher's horse with which we opened, and that incident which had so discouraged Miss Hermia Mary, and over which the eagle-beaked Countess of Morfa, with her little angry, intolerable eyes, had proposed to herself to take a soaring flight. The gentlemen had been lunching, the person had been grossly impudent—what more need be said. And at least let nothing whatever be said to an ardent Miss Chambre unstrung by travel. And nothing was said—and yet the affair was not laid. To treat it as though it had never been proved a counsel of perfection, with circumstances fatally against it; for first Lord Morfa, a sickly youth, fell ill, as we know, and kept his bed, and next Lord Edlogan, his friend—Beauty Edlogan they called him, and Marquis of Edlogan he was, the Duke of Wentsland's son—discovered an inflammation of the nose; and, thirdly, the butcher was taken to the Marshalsea, and lay there awaiting his charge. Lastly, the worst of all, politicians settled down in clouds, and the various wounds began to fester—and then Lady Morfa lost her temper, and determined not to charge the butcher at all, but to keep him where he was. By degrees and degrees, the facts obtruded themselves, by degrees took shape and got themselves in motion, until at last all London seemed to be swirling round a maëlstrom-gulf, at bottom of which you might, if you had had a head to look with, have discerned the mangled remains of a horse. Round and round, nearer and nearer in, swirled our actors and a hundred more; and some of them were sucked down and had to battle for dear life to win the free air again, and some went under, heels first, and were known no more—and all because a tipsy gentleman staked a butcher's—? Not at all, but because Family came into conflict with the Mob, and out of the Mob a head uplifted and discovered itself to be that of a person, not to be treated *en bloc,* like rabbits in a park. It is a sign of the breaking-up of things old when the Mob—that *colluvies*—segregates into persons with souls to be lost or won. But let us take the facts of the case, as Miss Chambre got them out.

The facts were that Lord Morfa and his friend Edlogan, after a generous meal together, were about to enter the curricle of the first and proceed to the park, when they saw the famous young horse tethered to the railings, and with that eye for a fine animal which nobody of their acquaintance could refuse them, they admired. They did more; they examined it point by point, and became inflamed by its perfections. They were touched, they were pricked in their hon-

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our, they were affronted. Damn the fellow, where did he get such a horse, a blood horse, a pacer? Put a saddle, which you could call a saddle, on that horse, and a man might air him in the Row. One had seen a fellow on a worse horse in Pall Mall, and taken no notice. It was a start, a rummy go—whose was the horse? Jacob Jacobs, his gates open, touched his hat at this point. It was young Vernour's, the butcher's, my lords. The butcher's! Damn the butcher—this was no horse for him. Lord Morfa's offended eyes interrogated those of his friend. What the deuce were we coming to? he required to know.

Edlogan briskly said that he must try the horse—and did. Round and about he cantered, to the admiration of all. A perfect action, a great goer! The horse had a mouth. Morfa, who was undoubtedly drunk—everybody admitted that—and when drunk very nettlesome, was now for putting him at the railings round the grass-plat. This kind of horse, he told Edlogan—Irish, he would swear—could jump like a cat. Would Edlogan bet upon it? Damn it, a man should back his opinion, hey? And here Jacob Jacobs, finding himself under the enquiry of his master, again touched his hat and said, "Certainly, my lord." He blamed himself for that afterwards. The carriage-drive, you must know, formed a great circle of grit, and in the midst had an enclosure of grass, round about the statue of the prescient Earl Rupert, fenced in by stout iron rails not more than five feet high—close rails, as sharp as spears.

Lord Edlogan, who owned to having been fresh, but denied that he had been drunk, had laughed his friend to scorn. "You'll cut his head off, Roddy, and break your neck—sure as a gun you will. You've a bad seat at the best, my boy, but when you're drunk you've no seat at all," and so on; whereat, and at jeers from beyond the gates, possibly also on a view of the concerned eyes of Jacob Jacobs, anxious for the welfare of a peer, Lord Morfa grew hot. Damn the horse! damn Edlogan! he'd show what could be done. He flung his caped overcoat to the gate-keeper, and, after a brief but glorious struggle, was able to mount the nervous little animal. He gave him a couple of smacks on the flank with his glove, pushed him with his knees, dug his heels in sharply, and went round the gravel court at an easy canter, which he increased to a sort of a gallop as the murmurs from the gates struck his ears. Jacob Jacobs had got back to his post, lest the mob should invade the sanctuary, "and God knows what next," as he put it. From there he saw, and quaked to see, my lord take a couple of turns, rocking dangerously in his seat; "and the daylight you could see betwixt his lordship's fork and the saddle would have mended a Sunday afternoon," said he. But the madness of high blood! After that turn or two about and about, all of a sudden "his lordship took and screwed the hoss's head round, and in with his heels; and he put him at the rails *with a short rein,* did his lordship." Words failed him here to describe the queer silence that followed, as the gallant little beast did his gallantest. But the run was absurd, the take-off next to nothing. He swerved as he refused, and disposed of his rider; but then, as if startled by the howls of the audience he had, he gathered his legs under him and tried the fence. There was no howling now—it was too horrible—nameless. Indeed, though he lashed himself free, it was but to die—and at that moment the butcher came out from the shrubbery which concealed the tradesmen's door. Lord Morfa was by that time at the great gates, very shaky, tense and white, being helped into his overcoat of many capes by his servitor, and Edlogan, half crying with excitement and honest grief, was standing by him, adjuring him "for God's sake" to get out of this. The mob was distracted for the moment by watching what the horse's owner would do.

His name was Vernour, David Vernour; he was the "son" of Vernour and Son, family butchers, of Brook Street, Hanover Square. He was a fine young man, broad-breasted, tall, and well made; he may have been five or six-and-twenty. He was of the Saxon type, blue-eyed, fair-haired; one who flushed easily and had not much to say for himself. Yet it came out afterwards that he was "superior," and something of a public

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speaker—also that he was a Radical—but even Tories might have done what he did. His friends averred that he did not know Lord Morfa by sight, but most of them were constrained to add that, had he known him, it would have made no difference to his conduct. He was admittedly hot-tempered.

At first he grew very red, and ran forward to the fallen horse, knelt by it and put his cheek to its nostrils. It was still alive then, but breathing faintly; it lay in a pool of bright blood—arterial blood. With "a kind of sob," as it was afterwards told to Miss Chambre (and no harm done to his case), he bent his head over his horse—then threw it up, and stiffened at the shoulders as he looked over to the gates to find out with whom he must reckon. He seemed to decide quickly, for he rose to his feet and strode over the gravel; and he must have been beside himself when he, bareheaded, in his blue frock and apron, could touch the young Marquis of Edlogan on the shoulder, and bring him sharply round as if he had been stung. Good heavens! and had he not been stung?

"Who did that?" Jacob Jacobs would swear that he never said "my lord." He never once used the word "lord," and only once said "sir." He might have been talking to any common person.

Edlogan, not liking his tone, which was curt, nor, perhaps, his question, which was to the point, replied, "Couldn't say, my man," and turned his back. It is supposed that he meant to be loyal to his friend—and, at any rate, he had not done it. Whereupon Vernour rounded on Lord Morfa with his "Is that your work, sir?" He was more respectful now, and all might yet have been well had not the mob answered the question. "'Twas my lord as done it. That's your man, butcher," and so on.

Morfa never looked at him at all; he swore at large. "Damn it all," said he, "it was the——horse's fault, and this ——mob here."

"I left the horse tethered to the railings," says Vernour, and Lord Morfa jumped about.

"Who the hell are you? I wish you'd go to the devil," he snapped at him.

"If I do that," said Vernour, "I take you with me;" and with that he scruffed the young peer with so firm a grip that nothing in the power of Edlogan, no adjuration from the shocked lips of Jacob Jacobs—whose "For the Lord's sake, Vernour, for the Lord of Mercy's sake loose my lord!" should have been double-edged—would induce him to let go. Lord Morfa, not a cleanly young man, used atrocious language; Lord Edlogan stormed and argued, was heartily ashamed of the whole affair, and the more ashamed he was the more angry he got. "The fellow was unreasonable," he afterwards explained. "He'd have been paid, of course—I'd have paid him if Roddy wouldn't—and I know Roddy don't like to part—but, damn it! he had him like a rag-doll—and a man can't stand that." Moved by such feelings, he certainly attacked Vernour—and with spirit; the crowd swarmed and serried for the fight; a chimney-sweeper and an unshaven man with no voice whatsoever formed and kept a ring. Vernour, with but one hand free, stopped Edlogan's rushes; and as the great Caryll chariot came rumbling in, had just sent him on to his back. In the breathing pause which he obtained his eyes, fierce with battle, met those of Miss Hermia Chambre, dwelt on them, and were dwelt upon. The carriage rolled on, the mob surged and serried; and Jacob Jacobs, powerless to serve his gods, fled for the constables.

Upon their arrival, David Vernour released his limp victim and went quietly to the Marshalsea. That is the truth of this very disagreeable affair, which her ladyship wished to ignore, but could not.

CHAPTER VI

IN WHICH LORD RODONO MISHANDLES THE BAG AND MR. RANALD STROKES THE CAT

Lord Morfa had kept his room for some days, and the house his counsel—so well that uncle and niece met, when at last they did meet, in very friendly fashion. Miss Chambre had not the least suspicion that the slight, pale, black-haired, dark-chinned, and suffering young man in a dressing-gown of preposterous elegance had last been under

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her eyes swinging like a dead cat in the hold of the flushed butcher. Searching, as she was fond of doing, for character, she seemed to find it in his laconic manner. She liked his "How do, Hermy?" and two fingers from the sofa, and returned him a cheerful "Quite well, thank you, Uncle Morfa," with a stoop downwards, and a fresh cheek to touch his own. She was sorry for the fevered youth, had felt his cheek to be dry and hot, was very ready to excuse his irritability with his mother and his valet, and set herself to work to smooth out his "creases," as she called them.

There was plenty to say: apart from the coach at Holyhead and Mr. Aloysius Banks, who were ancient history by this time, there were the new conjuror, the Prince of Wales, and Madame Catalani singing "God shave the King." Lord Morfa, who liked women, liked them to be pretty, vivacious, and, above all, plump—"well covered," as he put it—was certainly amused. He lay back on his cushion, his hands behind his head, and fixed her with his fever-bright eyes. "Good gel—that's capital! Egad, ma'am, I must keep that for Prinny—oh, he'll be a proud man, by George!" He was certainly pleased—and so her tongue ran on. "And oh, Uncle Morfa, I quite forgot to tell you. As we came in—that first day—there was a fight. . . ." Lady Morfa called sharply, "Curtis," and sent the valet to see if the carriage were at the door. . . . His lordship moved uneasily, but did not turn his eyes away, or cease to smile.

"Yes, a real fight—at the gates. . . ."

"Dessay," said his lordship. "They *will* fight, Hermy, when they're drunk, you know."

"And they were drunk," said she. "Two of them were; but one was not. He was a hero, I thought."

"They fight, you know," he said dreamily, "like the very devil." So he got her off the line.

"But he does it without being drunk. . . ."

"*Ex officio,*" said Lady Morfa; and then, "Come, child, or you'll tire the invalid."

She rose and looked benevolently down upon her victim. "They took a fine vengeance upon the man who wasn't tipsy," she said. "They sent him to prison for it."

"Dessay," said Lord Morfa; "where the devil's my man? Look here, I shall go to sleep, I think." She stooped and touched his forehead. "Poor Uncle Morfa!" she said kindly, and went away with her grandmamma to a party.

And then she forgot the thing, left it, perhaps, forgotten in the recesses of her mind—why, how should she remember it between drastic inspections of gowns by her ladyship, visits to Madame Pelerine, visits to St. Paul's, Lord Crowland's romantic person, Lady Oxford's display of charms? Never was such a whirl as hers—and we were all whirling at once like a set of juggler's tops. Dick must go to the *levée*, she to Buckingham House; Carlton House to follow; a dinner to meet the Prince; Wednesday the opera; Thursday a dinner and a rout; Friday the Duchess's ball—and so forth. She made her little sensation, she was admired, and she knew it. Let heroes languish in chains in the Marshalsea, let Harriet Moon shiver in corridors—but she, the young beauty, would float from rout to rout, and gather her roses, and give them away.

Mervyn Touchett saw her at R—— House. "Saw the little Caryll heiress holding her court. Sedate and glowing on a divan, half a dozen bucks round about her. Stout men, too—politicians, Sandgate, Tom Rodono, Wormwood, and Bob Ranald, very brisk. She waltzed and looked sumptuous." The waltz was stark new that year. . . . "My dear, I have been in a dozen men's arms!" this to Mary Fox. "I'm hot all over. But everybody does it now." In far Kilbride, where nobody did it, Mary Fox felt worried. There were more serious things to worry about, if she had but known.

They say that she was a "man's woman"; and she confesses somewhere that she preferred men's society. . . . "The women, Mary, rather horrify me. They preen themselves like pigeons in the sun—and sit apart as if they were in a slave-market. As for the girls, they are dolls: dolls with palpitations!" She seems to have had a singularly quick judgment, and to have acted upon it

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without faltering, to have known instantly when she could afford to be frank. She had decided at a glance that she liked Harriet Moon; and when she met Captain Ranald at a dinner-party, though she had never seen him before, she did not scruple to tell him that she was a rebel in grain, almost before he had time to inform her that he was a Jacobin.

Captain the Hon. Robert Ranald, a gallant, brick-coloured, fiery-haired little seaman, whose acts in the high seas, in the mouths of French rivers and in broken Atlantic roadsteads form a Saga, was at this time in England persecuting the Ministry in the name of commonsense. He was now one of the members for Westminster, and overwhelmingly popular with the mob. As he was quite without virulence or prejudice, he was detested by the Government, which had both in abundance. They battered him, and made him laugh; he hammered them, and they were vowed to his ruin. Mr. Croker, it was said, would cheerfully dance at Carlton House for Bob Ranald's head upon a charger. This spoke a volume for the hero, who confessed himself an outlaw as he handed Miss Chambre down to dinner.

"I'm home to stop thieving," he told her; "I'm in the House to stop it, and every thief's hand is against me. They don't like the facts, and they don't like me. I pound 'em; I go on pounding 'em; I bore 'em to death. Burdett's far too much of a gentleman—besides, he does 'em the honour to disapprove of 'em. He thinks 'em villains, and I call 'em fools. So I'm half an outlaw in the minds of Ministers, and half by my own showing. If the fractions add themselves aright, Miss Chambre, you have the arm of a man who must needs be hanged."

"I have held such arms before, sir," said she. "Lord Edward's was one, and my father's another."

They were seated by this, but Ranald, having looked quickly at his companion, nevertheless got up and bowed to her. "You are Dick Chambre's daughter, and he was Fitzgerald's friend. I'm happily mated." He began to speak of Ireland, and of Lord Edward, whom he described as the bravest little gentleman and straightest rider he had ever seen in his life. But he was a fool, unhappily, because he let those qualities rule his politics. "You can be too brave—you can be too true to the scent. The pace may kill or the field desert you: you die a lonely death. But in my opinion it is better to die in Newgate with Fitzgerald than to reign with Castlereagh in Pall Mall. The little man was a hero, and a Saint."

Her cheeks flushed, her eyes were dewy. "A divine fool—that is what I know. Everybody must know it in time. I can't speak of him without tears——" And then, with a catch in her voice, "My father was just like that."

"Not a doubt of it," he said. "He rode straight and rode hard. But, as you know and I know, he didn't ride hard enough for the Castle in '98."

"He broke his horse's heart," said Hermia Mary, "and couldn't get another. . . . You never knew my father?" He folded his arms, considered them, and his reply. Then he looked her in the face.

"I know more of him now than I ever did before. I know that he must have broken his own heart as well." Miss Chambre was unable to reply.

Her neighbour of the right hand was Lord Rodono, a cheerful, fresh-faced nobleman, eldest son of the Earl of Drem. He was tall, upright, stoutly built, sanguine of complexion, was in Parliament for an obscure burgh, a great admirer of women, and very much esteemed by most of them. His somewhat cold, critical blue eyes, perhaps, gave confidence; his care not to commit himself certainly did. In politics he ranked with the opposition, as became the heir of Drem; but he dallied, never indiscreetly, with the reformers. Like every man now, he talked of himself, and found himself the best joke in the world. He told Miss Chambre that he liked Whig women, but went among the Jacobins for male society. There were, in truth, no male Whigs—that was a contradiction in terms. A man goes by passion, a woman by feelings. Now you can passionately decree that somebody should wear a gold hat, or passionately attempt to knock that off his head; that is as a man is Tory or Radical. "But no man of my acquaintance," he said, "will choose to crown his fellow with straw, and then insist that it's every

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bit as good as gold—in fact, much better, because it's the same thing, only cheaper. For that charming fantasy we look to your sex, Miss Chambre."

"But you are a Whig, Lord Rodono? You crown the King with straw."

"Pardon me, madam, I am a servant of Whigs," he said, with a bow which she felt to be too pronounced.

She avowed herself a Jacobin, and he applauded the confession. A pike would become her; Bob Ranald was all for pikes. He questioned, however, her grandmamma's view. The peerage impaled—eh?

"Grandmamma has never talked politics to me," said Hermia; but Lord Rodono was looking at the venerable lady, who sat upon their host's right hand, and was talking of Mr. Clark. Thus it was that the cat came out of the bag.

"How under the eyes of Heaven she allowed you to be entrusted to Bob Ranald," he said musingly, "passes belief. She thinks him poisonous, she calls him 'unfortunate.' Now that's nonsense, of course—poor Bob's as wholesome as a March gale; but he's not judicious—he thinks with his heart. He's gone red-hot into that affair of yours."

"What affair of mine?" she asked, thinking more of Ranald, whom she admired, than of herself.

"Oh, the butcher's horse, you know." His eyes twinkled with friendly malice and seemed to have their reward. He brought her round in a flash.

"My affair, Lord Rodono! Indeed, it was no affair of mine. It was very hateful."

"I beg your pardon. I meant of your family's. Your grandmother's—Roddy's affair. And then there was Edlogan's nose—that was in it, too. Very awkward business indeed. Now Bob Ranald——"

But Miss Chambre was now moved in earnest—she was flooded with colour. "Uncle Morfa! Lord Edlogan! Do you—can you mean that they——?" She made him stare.

"Good God, didn't you know that? Why, it's all over town. Now I've put my foot in it."

He certainly had, as far as she was concerned, for she had nothing more to say to him. She was really scandalised, but she was startled also—shocked, alarmed. Her feelings were tumultuous—why had this been hidden from her? What was going on? Of what sort were these smooth-voiced, courteous people she was among? Flesh and blood? Her flesh and blood? To grind the faces of the poor—and to smile, and bow, and be witty—and enormously at ease—served on bent knees! That was a veritable cry of the heart when she said, "Oh, Lord Rodono, that cannot be true!"

He had to assure her that it was true, and to make out a case.

"The man attacked Roddy before he'd heard what there was to say. Nothing much to say, I grant you—but no doubt he'd have been paid, not the slightest doubt. And, of course, he *will* be paid in the end—if politics are kept out of it. But he's known to Ministers as a speaker in the Forum, and those sort of places—Crown and Anchor, and all that; and he attacked a smaller man in his own place—and the constables were fetched, as they ought to have been. They did the rest: the rest was not Roddy's doing—Roddy was abed. I think that you'll find it will all settle down—unless Bob Ranald makes a hash of it. And, as I tell Roddy, he must keep Sandgate from hearing of it." Such talk as this had no effect on her at all; she was quick enough to see that the speaker was extenuating, making smiling apologies, as it were, for shutting the prison-doors. "Really, if there's going to be all this to-do—if you'll allow me, I'll just—I feel myself in need of repose!" She grew hot all over as she felt the spiked walls of Caryll House closing in upon her, and, in her mind's eye, saw Jacob Jacobs in his gold-laced hat and shoulder-knots, sorrow upon his face, locking the great gates. Hateful thought—and she the daughter of Dick of the Gallop! And she who had stood open-armed, warm-bosomed to England! And this was England! And those proud eyes of the strong fighter—she remembered them now—were to be purblinded in the dark—while the Carylls smiled at ease! Angry, indignant, sore, alarmed, the *débutante* looked fiercely at her world.

"Forgive me"—this was Ranald's voice—"I heard Rodono talking. It's

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true, what he said of me. I am not judicious. I believe I'm glad of it. If every one were judicious, justice would never be done. I know Vernour, and intend to help him—indeed, I'm bound to that, for he's in my constituency. He's a Westminster freeman, and a fine fellow. No offence to you."

"Offence—no, no!" She was fingering breadcrumbs, looked very uncomfortable—but raised her fine eyes to his. "Captain Ranald, I must not talk about it—now—now that I know——" She couldn't finish; and then he spoke vehemently to her, but under his breath.

"This place—this country—London, England—is not fit for the likes of you to inhabit. A rat-pit of a country! Who dares be honest? Privilege, privilege, privilege! There's the sound of your horse's hoofs—and down goes young Vernour. I should like to tell you about him—some day."

She blushed, but she said, "Tell me now." But he would not say much.

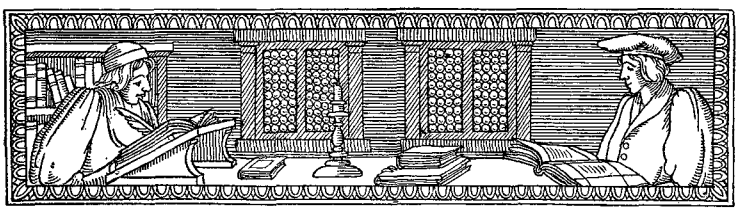
"When I'm free to speak—when I've got him out. I'll tell you this, though: he's the last man in the world to be served in this way, because he's sensitive. He's quick. He feels himself strong—and that kind get dashed, and hurt themselves. They kick at the pricks—and injustice, or what's worse, indifference, bites inwards and corrodes. They may poison the man through before they've done with him. But there! he's Mob—and you're Family—and justice must be done, God save us! And they wonder that I'm a reformer—and say that I wield a muck-rake. Well, you must!"

She was regarding him now so earnestly, was so absorbed that he checked himself. "Let me advise you, keep out of this affair. You can do nothing, absolutely nothing. Nobody can do much but patchwork. We have to fight with unhallowed swords. You—if you ever come into battle—must come like Joan of Arc, with a sword pure from the altar. I'll follow you then. Ah, you are going? Good-bye."

The ladies rose. Hermia took her place with the procession, but, as if by intention, her grandmother waited for her, took her hand, and led her from the room. He saw the girl blush, bite her lip, lower her eyes.

"All your troubles before you, my dear," he said to himself. "She'll get mauled, but she'll come out somehow." Then he helped himself to the claret.

(To be continued)



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EUROPE'S SOCIAL REGISTERS

THE ALMANACH DE GOTHA, BURKE, DEBRETT, AND SOME OTHERS

HAT was said in these pages some time ago of *Baedeker* is true in far greater and more significant measure of the *Almanach de Gotha*—it is not a book, but an institution. And it is a firmly established institution, which, essentially aristocratic in its origin and the more ornamental part of its functions, has yet managed in the course of its already long career in an increasingly democratic world to gain steadily in importance, usefulness, and prosperity, thanks to notably able editorship. It is an august institution having authority beyond appeal in matters of rank and title, because that authority is ever based on exalted sanction: it is the organ of the fountain-heads of all honour in Continental Europe. At the same time, the thoroughness and accuracy of its statistical and diplomatic fourth part make it a most democratic publication, indispensable in every newspaper office and reference library as in every chancellery, embassy, and consular agency of the civilised world.

THE ALMANACH DE GOTHA

It is not, however, as the best of year-books that the *Almanach de Gotha* claims our attention here, but as the modern Golden Book, the official annual gazette of the royalty and the high nobility of Europe, the most exclusive of the innumerable genealogical publications of Christendom. It is of interest, also, as a flourishing survival from an older social order, which promises to endure, whatever social and political changes may pass over the face of Europe, because it appeals to a human instinct that appears to be ineradicable. It is safe to say that the *Almanach* will survive even the final abolition of the monarchical principle of government, whenever that shall come to pass, for a world of republics would still stand in need of the year-book with its unequalled equipment for the gathering and orderly presentation of governmental information; and a world of republics would increase a thousandfold the numbers of those claiming social distinction based upon birth or achievement. The *Almanach de Gotha* may yet come to include in its sacred list of the exalted of this earth, if not *Americans of Royal Descent*, at least the families of this country's builders, economic as well as historical. This glorious republic of ours is already freely represented in its pages on the distaff side; the spear side may follow, even though the weapon of old be replaced by the plane-table or the cheque-book. Would there be anything incongruous, for instance, in placing the family of an American railroad builder who linked the Atlantic to the Pacific by the side of the house of a man like the new-made Prince von Buelow, whose great service to his country lies, according to himself, in the many imprudences which, *maugre tout*, he has yet succeeded in preventing his Imperial Master from committing? or in the mention of the fortunate recipients of the unearned increment of New York real estate by the side of their no less favoured London fellow-rent collector, the Duke of Westminster? Stranger things than these have come to pass already in the pages of the *Almanach de Gotha* itself. They teem with romance for him who cares to look for it. The *Almanach* has already chronicled during the hundred and forty-three years of its existence many a rise to grandeur, many a decline to insignificance. It has registered the extinction of many an old historic name, the establishment of many a new one.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ALMANACH

Frederick the Great, Catharine of Russia, Maria Theresa, Louis XV. were the great rulers whom it noticed in its first issue, that of 1764. In reality it had been begun in the preceding year, but under another name, that of the *Gotha*

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Genealogical and Writers' Calendar. It survived in its early years the shock of the French revolution and the impetuous wave of Napoleonic conquest, both of which it ignored, the Revolution completely, Napoleon with but very poor success, since he demonstrated that he could find time, amid all his gigantic activities, to teach the editor exactly how the *Almanach* should be edited, if it were to survive at all. The house of Bonaparte thereafter led all the rest until the collapse. It reported the Conqueror's insolent changes in the kingdoms and rulers of Europe, and the no less autocratic and radical reconstruction of the map of the Continent decreed by the Congress of Vienna. It saw the gradual destruction of the elaborate provision for the continued peace and submission of Europe made by M. de Metternich, and reported the process from year to year. Of the great American republic it took no cognisance until the issue of 1824. It saw the Turk driven from Greece, Holland from Belgium, Austria from Germany; it saw Italy united, an old empire reborn. It witnessed the triumph of Hohenzollern over Hapsburg and Bonaparte, the making and unmaking of kings, the rise or ruin of dynasties. It was ready, no doubt, to give, at the proper time, his proper place to the general who might have been George I., Emperor of the French, but who failed to see his opportunity, or dared not grasp it, and lost. This year it welcomes a new king and a new kingdom to its pages—Haakon and Norway. And through it all the *Almanach* has recorded, step by step, the quiet, steady rise in fortune of the able house, one of whose many branches was its protector in the days of its beginnings.

The grand romance of the *Almanach de Gotha* is, indeed, mostly concentrated in that first section devoted to royalty. From this point of view, at least, the two parts that follow, the second devoted to the mediatised princes of the old German Empire, and the third registering the cream of the nobilities of Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Belgium, England, Spain, Italy, and Russia, are less fruitful, although here, too, historico-romantic associations are numerous, of course, and the names are often far finer sounding. The mediatised German princes have settled down in their semi-royal position contentedly, and little beyond their deaths, successions, marriages, and births, and their services to state or sovereign is chronicled from year to year; but the third part, inclusion in which must be applied for, is subject to the constant changes, additions, abbreviations, and omissions which are the object of so much secret or overt aspiration and envy, the cause of so many disappointments and so much social chagrin, the subject of so much international gossip. There are endless *nuances* to be employed by the diplomatically trained editor of the *Almanach* for the expression of even the slightest shades of difference in importance, progressive or retrogressive—the exact degree, at any given time, of firmness of courtly favour, official standing, and social footing. A *notice,* to use the official term of the *Almanach,* may be made significant in a hundred subtle ways—by shortening and lengthening, by emphasis or its reverse. It may dwindle to a mere mention of a name, continued from year to year, with a brief reference of the reader to an earlier edition; the name may ultimately disappear, or, again, it may be dropped suddenly. This was the case, several years ago, with the great Russian house of Gortchakoff, on account of several notorious family scandals. On the other hand, a family scandal may be the very reason for inclusion in this third part of the *Almanach,* provided the scandal be participated in by an august personage.

INFLUENCE AND THE ALMANACH

There is speculation from year to year in that greater European family of birth which ranks just below *the* European family of royalty, regarding the outward consequences in the pages of the forthcoming *Almanach* of more or less private untoward events, such as will proverbially happen in the very best families, or of successes won. The little red volume has its piquancy as a "society paper"; it is full of *potins* for those who hold the key. Occasionally expectancy rises to fever heat, as when the Emperor broke with

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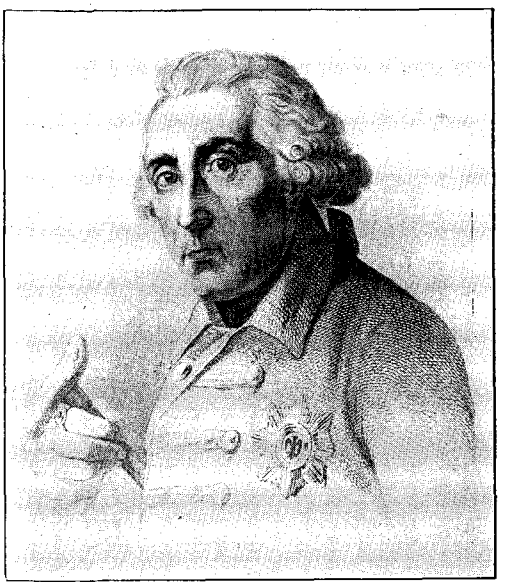
CATHERINE OF RUSSIA



FREDERICK THE GREAT

MARIA THERESA

LOUIS XV.

The rulers whose influence dominated the first *Almanach de Gotha*

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THE GREAT GORTCHAKOFF

The Russian Gortchakoff family was suddenly dropped some years ago from the *Almanach* on account of scandals

Bismarck, and Count Herbert was married to his Austrian bride in Vienna.

The Emperor Franz Joseph stayed away from the wedding to avoid giving offence to his ally, William II.; the German ambassador in Vienna, Prince Reuss, too, was absent, as in duty bound. But his wife attended in all the pomp and circumstance of her rank and position, because, as she explained with malicious frankness, her husband, while serving the German Empire and representing the person of its Emperor at the Austrian Court, was, as the reigning Prince of Reuss, the equal and ally, but not a vassal, of William II., whose orders did therefore not apply to her. It was, indeed, a succulent bit of the most exalted gossip imaginable. Would the Emperor prevent the insertion of the Bismarck *notice* in the next issue of the *Almanach?* He was known to do rash things in those days. But nothing came of it. William not only did not interfere; he probably never dreamed of interfering.

Then there was that other morsel of gossip and speculation started by the bestowal by Queen Victoria of the title of "Royal Highness" upon her son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg. Would this unprecedented use—this straining—of prerogative by the very imperious royal lady be recognised by the other courts of Europe? That was the question to which the new volume of the *Almanach* (1886) might bring the authoritative answer. The editor simply chronicled the fact of the bestowal of the dignity, as in duty bound. The small regard in which it was held outside the Queen's dominions (which was shared, by the way, by some important members of her own family) was made known through other channels.

THE BATTENBERGS

The romance of the Battenbergs is, indeed, worth noting. Of morganatic birth, they have fluctuated constantly between the first and third parts of the *Almanach* through a quarter of a century, and more. Originally they appeared in the first part, in the *notice* devoted to the house of Hessen, their father's. Then Prince Henry of Battenberg married into the royal house of England, and thus was enumerated among its members. The able and stalwart Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who would unquestionably have made himself king, instead of prince, of Bulgaria, if Russia had not

HENRY OF BATTENBERG

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interfered and punished him for his spirit of independence, figured for several years in the *Almanach* as the ruler of a semi-independent state, but, as such, in its fourth, diplomatic part, not in the first. Bismarck, who frustrated the budding love affair that would have given Alexander a bride of the imperial house of Hohenzollern, and consequently a powerful family interest that might have proved dangerous to the friendly relations between the Empire and Russia—Bismarck, who thus robbed Alexander of a place in the Hohenzollern genealogy to match that of Henry in the English house, had cynically advised him, when the Bulgarian throne was offered him, to take it, because it would always be "an interesting experience to look back upon in later years." But it proved to be not even that. Alexander died soon after his deposition and his marriage to an Austrian actress.

Most exalted of a successful family, Ena of Battenberg, Prince Henry's daughter, now occupies the Spanish throne as consort of King Alfonso XIII., yet, strangely enough, in this very year of the chronicling of its crowning triumph (1907), the house of Battenberg, as such, is banished from its niche in the notice "Hesse" in the first section to the third part.

Verily, the true romance of the *Almanach de Gotha* is found among its royalties, among the recent ones as well as among the houses hoar with antiquity. Most romantic of all remains the meteoric house of Bonaparte, with its fast waning fortunes, its chances of a third conquest of the throne of France dwindled down to an infinitesimally small possibility.

THE FORTUNES OF THE BONAPARTES

One wonders if the families that shared the fortunes of the Bonapartes are not doomed also to share ultimately their fate. Chief among them, the house of Bernadotte has already been shorn of half its kingdom within less than a century after its elevation to the purple. And of the First Empire little remains in the *Almanach* beyond a few names—Junot, Ney, Murat, Davout, Bassano, Bellune, Massena, Fouché. But for its aged Empress, living in exile, the Third Empire is already of the dead past in the pages of this interesting and suggestive genealogical handbook. "Morny," said the edition of 1906, "v. l'edition de 1905." But the edition of 1907 is more explicit.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." This is strikingly illustrated by contrasting the troubled histories of the royal houses of Europe with the calmer, more even fate of the noble families enumerated with them in the *Almanach*. The fortunes of the old races in its second and third sections have been affected by the wars and revolutions of the modern era to a far less notable degree. As for the mediatised princes, they were rulers in so small a way, and they were deposed with so much consideration, that their last state appears to be almost preferable to the first. Through nearly a thousand years many of the great houses in the second and third sections have maintained themselves at the top, rich in goods and lands as in honours and power. Arembergs, Chimays, Esterhazys, Schwarzenbergs, Salm-Salms, Hohenlohes without end, one finds them in the early editions of the eighteenth century as in those of the twentieth. The geographical and political face of Europe has been changed and changed again; mankind has revolutionised its every idea of government, but they have survived and remain serenely superior to the fate of common humanity, maintaining the advantage won for them by some early, rude, hard-hitting *parvenu* ancestor, guarding it with vigilance, adding to it by constant endeavour and wise alliances, not seldom nowadays with the daughters of wealth, whose fathers, to quote the clever saying of one of Napoleon's ennobled marshals, *are* ancestors.

The sum of wisdom, courage, endurance, prudence, diplomacy, tact, activity, and knowledge of the value of inactivity represented by these triumphant survivals of a hundred dangers deserves perhaps more consideration than is usually given it. If the nobility of Europe have had privileges innumerable to sustain them in this intense struggle for continued existence, they have also always imposed upon themselves many handicaps, the most serious of which in these commercial days has unquestionably become their tradi-

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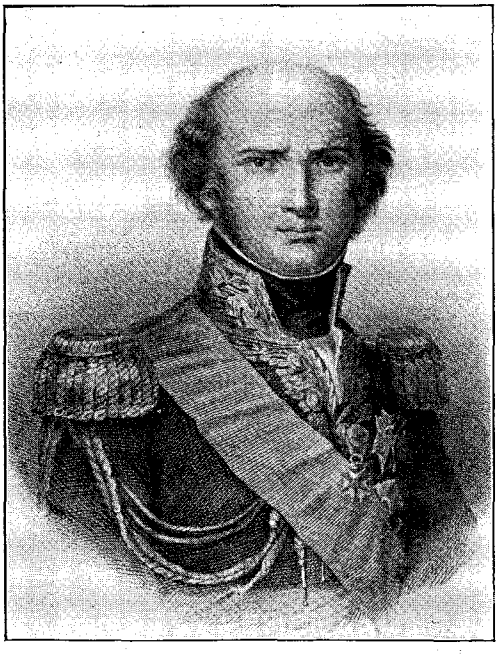
FOUCHÉ

NEY



DAVOUST

JUNOT

"Of the First Empire little remains in the *Almanach* beyond a few names—Junot, Ney, Murat, Davoust, Bassano, Bellune, Massena, and Fouché"

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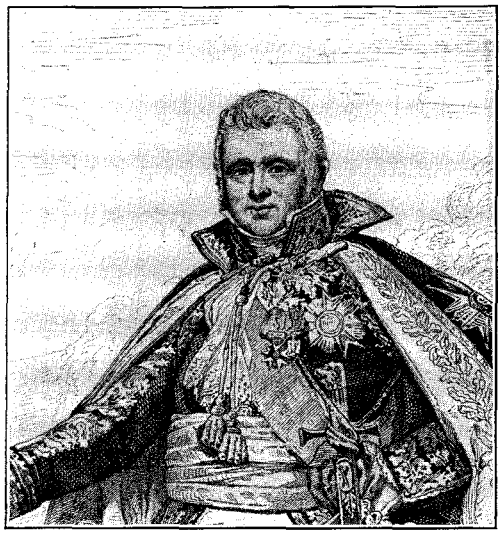
MASSENA



BELLUNE

MURAT

BASSANO

"Of the First Empire little remains in the *Almanach* beyond a few names — Junot, Ney, Murat, Davoust, Bassano, Bellune, Massena, and Fouché"

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tional disdain of "trade" as a means of earning a livelihood or retrieving a failing fortune. This prejudice is disappearing, however, owing, no doubt, in the first place to the influence of a growing necessity that knows no law, but certainly sped and encouraged by the sensible attitude toward the question of such eminent *grands seigneurs* as Edward VII. of Great Britain and Ireland, and William II. of Germany.

FRENCH AND GERMAN EDITIONS

The *Almanach de Gotha* began what was to become a long and increasingly prosperous career in French; the German edition came later. Even now the French edition of the book must be very many times larger than the German one. Indeed, how many to whom it is familiar through constant use in its French form would recognise it under its cumbersome Teutonic title of *Gothaischer Genealogischer Hofkalender?* But in 1764 all German royalties, the smallest as well as the greatest, were under the full influence of the splendours of the French Court. Frederick the Great hardly spoke the language of the race that was to make him one of its national heroes already during his lifetime, and certainly could not write it correctly; his culture, his preferences were decidedly French, and his brother sovereigns of Germany resembled him in this, if in nothing else. Every princeling, however small his realm, however insignificant its resources, had to have his little Versailles, and eke his little Pompadour, if he had to sell his peasants for cannon food or to take the traitor's wage of French or English diplomacy to defray his expenses.

THE COURT OF SAXE-GOTHA

The Court of Saxe-Gotha was no exception to this fashion, therefore the *Almanach* was begun in French. It was the only way of attracting high attention and patronage. The early issues are small, insignificant-looking volumes, resembling in their general contents most of the almanacs of the period. The diplomatic year-book is as yet entirely lacking, and the list of royal and noble houses is printed without attempt at classification according to rank, or even at alphabetical arrangement. Saxe-Gotha leads, that's understood, of course, and then follows a bewildering list of principalities, of which German history itself must have lost memory, a list in which empires and kingdoms are sandwiched between bishoprics and nunneries, a jumble of grand priors of the orders of chivalry and all kinds of little great personages, typically representative of the crazy quilt of eighteenth-century German political geography. For the rest, these early *almanachs* presented the usual reading matter of their day. In 1778, for instance, we are informed that—

> The natural day is counted from sunrise to sunset.
>
> The artificial or civic day is counted by most Europeans from midnight to midnight.
>
> The Italians, the Chinese, and also the Jews, begin the day at sunset, when the canonical day begins.

EARLY ILLUSTRATIONS

In these early issues the illustrations are not, as now, portraits of great personages, but, apparently, any kind of pictures the publisher could secure at little cost. The edition of 1824 throws a vivid light upon the huge popularity of Sir Walter Scott, for its plates are illustrations of "Kenilworth," with accompanying explanatory text. More interesting still is the picture in an earlier issue of the *Almanach,* that of 1790, which represents the Bastille as it was before its demolition in the preceding year. The plate is accompanied by an article describing the famous prison, giving some details of its history as it was told in those days, before M. Funck-Brentano had arisen to discover the truth, and closing with an account of the attack by the populace, the whole in a remarkably liberal tone considering the time and circumstance. This same number is adorned with two pages of pictures of the latest Paris *coiffures.* Petticoat influence must have been strong at the Saxe-Gothic Court of the day, for this millinery fits to perfection a philosophical article on "Idées diverses sur la Beauté."

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Decidedly picturesque, in this same edition of 1790, is a spirited picture of the attempted midnight abduction of Stanislaus Poniatowski, King of Poland. There is a great deal of action in this little engraving, and a great deal of midnight. The Polish patriots opened proceedings by driving away the royal escort and then shooting wildly into the coach with their pistols and hacking blindly around in it with sabres. When their first ardour had been somewhat cooled by these impetuous proceedings, they discovered the handsome, amiable, utterly incompetent ex-lover of the great Catharine with a bullet-hole in his hat and a sword-cut on his forehead, quite ready to accompany them. But they, still impetuous, dragged him out of the coach, as the picture shows. Then they put him on a horse, and, afraid to pass through the city gate, made him jump the moat with them. He fell and broke his leg. Several of the patriots thereupon took his diamond star and all his money and valuables away from him, to show to their leaders, so they said, and decamped, leaving but seven of their number with the captive. These seven promptly proceeded to lose their way in the darkness, the king good-naturedly warning them that they were in danger of running into a Russian patrol. In recognition of his kindness, they at once proceeded to discuss the advisability of killing him right then and there. A Russian patrol being really heard in the vicinity, four more ran away, and then there were three. On its return the patrol scared away two more, and then there was one, who gladly acceded to the king's offer of guiding him back to Warsaw and of immunity from punishment. An historical episode worthy indeed of illustration in a *Gothaischer Genealogischer Kalender* of the end of the eighteenth century, a chapter worthy of Stanley J. Weyman. Poniatowski is but a name now in the *Almanach*, with a brief reference to an earlier edition for details.

BOOKS OF LESSER NOBILITY

It was a foregone conclusion that the success of the *Almanach de Gotha* should lead its publishers to extend the field of their profitable and useful activities. They began in 1825 the publication of a year-book of the German Counts (*Genealogisches Taschenbuch der deutschen graeflichen Haeuser*), in 1848 a similar publication devoted to the German baronial families (*Genealogisches Taschenbuch der deutschen freiherrlichen Haeuser*), in 1900 a year-book of the German lesser nobility (*Taschenbuch der adeligen Haeuser*), and, finally, in 1898, a *Handbuch der buergerlichen Familien*—a handbook of burgher families, so that there is now in Germany no social class likely to care for such matters that does not have a genealogical organ of its own. This *Handbook of Burgher Families* reminds one of the similar English *Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland Enjoying Territorial Possessions or High Special Rank, but Uninvested with Heritable Honours* (1833-38). A long title, forsooth, and one, as the reader sees, carefully and conscientiously constructed to avoid all offence to the sense of dignity of the personages enumerated in *Burke* and *Debrett*—a title for "Labby" to play

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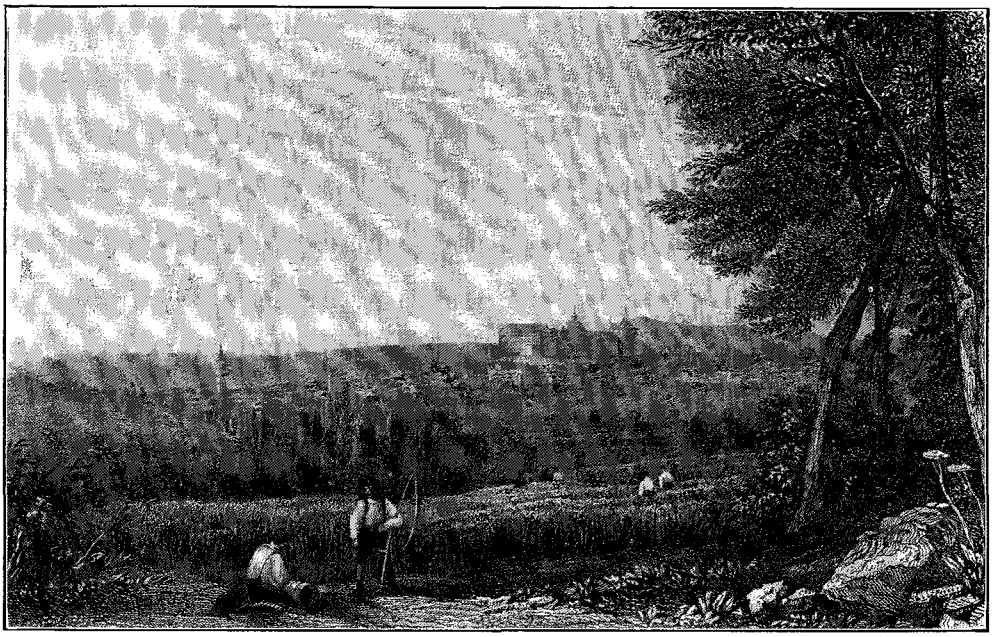

SAXE-GOTHA

with, or George Bernard Shaw. Those omitted from even these burgher genealogical tomes have, of course, the unrestricted privilege of constructing their own pedigrees, or of having them constructed, and of publishing them at their own individual or the family's collective cost. Ultimately the state will keep the pedigrees of all of us, as we now keep the pedigrees of blooded cattle and horses. At least, that is what certain scientific enthusiasts foretell. In which case genealogy will become a science of the future of the collective race instead of what it now is, a science of the past of some of its most conspicuous individual members.

BURKE AND DEBRETT

If the *Almanach de Gotha* be an international institution, *Burke* and *Debrett* deserve to be called Anglo-Saxon institutions, since they are found, revered and devoutly believed in wherever English is the spoken language, in all of the five continents of the earth, and on its seven seas. In these United States, too, *Burke* and *Debrett* are more consulted and looked up to than the *Almanach,* for it is from them that most of us draw our coats-of-arms, and it is in them that many of us discover long-lost relations, the parent stem of the American branch. The discovery is not always mutual, but no matter.

Next to the English year-books may be placed the *Annuaire de la Noblesse de France,* which was issued during the years 1863-76, but with it the list of noble annuaries comes to an end. Russia, Spain, Italy—in short, every country in Europe has its books of noble families, but they are not year-books, decades often elapsing between the issues of new editions.

The English year-book is inclusive, the German exclusive, but where the *Almanach de Gotha* differs most decidedly from its best-known contemporary, *Burke's Peerage* (the publication of which was begun in 1822) is in its inexorable exactitude in the matter of pedigrees. Burke's extreme liberality in this regard, on the other hand, is notorious, and has given rise to an expression much used by English genealogists, "genealogical window-dressing." The English year-book accepts the pedigrees furnished it without questioning them; the *Alma-*

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nach prints claims of antiquity for what they are worth, but sets the stamp of its authority only on the scientifically proved descent without break, what it calls the *filiation suivie*. Still, compared with the pedigrees concocted in the Middle Ages, even the most audacious of modern claims of descent are positively modest, the wildest of them being made nowadays in this country, which, while it supports as yet no genealogical or heraldic yearbooks, possesses at least a sumptuous handbook of its *armiger* families, settled here before 1800, in Count E. de V. Vermont's *America Heraldica*, published some fifteen years ago in New York, and now out of print.

THE BRITISH PEERAGE*

Notwithstanding frequent intermarriages, the British peerage continues to differ in many important aspects from the nobilities of Continental Europe. From the Continental point of view, indeed, it is rather a superb patriciate than a nobility in the traditional, feudal sense. Strangest of all to the Continental European genealogist's way of thinking is its utter indifference toward the importance and value of armorial quarterings: a British peer can and will marry a commoner's daughter without affecting in any way thereby his own status or that of his son and heir. It is far different on the Continent, as was illustrated not so many years ago by the case of a Hungarian prince who fell in love with the daughter of a great British peer, so great a noble, indeed, in King Edward's realm, that the Hungarian did not for a moment consider it necessary to inquire into the quarterings of his bride-to-be. Yet after the marriage, when the time came for the presentation of the new princess to her new sovereign, the Court Marshal of the Hofburg made the discovery that she was not "hoffähig"—that, in other words, she could not be admitted to the intimacy Court Circle because she could not show the required number of quarterings, i.e., unbroken descent from noble houses on both sides for a certain number of generations. There are many weighty tomes on the Continent devoted to this vital subject of quarterings, but they do not come within the scope of this article. To return to the peerage again for a moment, and the light in which it is considered on the Continent, the wholesale creation of peers by a prime minister for the purpose of "dishing" the opposition was a manœuvre that did not conduce to the respect in which the institution was held abroad, nor has the constant bestowal of peerages upon rich men for no other cause than their riches added to it. Since, however, the peerage is insularly well satisfied with itself, and England unquestionably proud of its peerage, the question of Continental opinion of the institution is merely one of latitudes. The difference between the two points of view is incidentally of interest to us here and now as the fundamental cause of a marked divergence in the development of the plots of a certain type of sentimental fiction in English and in German.

*We know in what estimation Major Arthur Pendennis held the social registers of England. "He knew the name and pedigree of everybody in the Peerage, and everybody's relations. 'My dear boy,' he would say to Pen, with a mournful earnestness and veracity, 'you cannot begin your genealogical studies too early; I wish to Heavens you would read in *Debrett* every day. Not so much the historical part (for the pedigrees, between ourselves, are many of them very fabulous, and there are few families that can show such a clear descent as our own) as the account of family alliances, and who is related to whom. I have known a man's career in life blasted by ignorance on this all-important subject. Why, only last month, at dinner at my lord Hobanob's,'" etc.

ORIENTAL GENEALOGICAL BOOKS

A goodly proportion of the vast modern genealogical library is written and published in Germany, one of its most curious productions in the past being the eighteenth-century *Der Mohammedanischen und Heidnischen hohen Haeuser historische und genealogische Erlaeuterung* (1731), a handbook of Mohammedan and Pagan patricians. This work serves to remind us of the fact that pride of ancestry rules even stronger among the non-Aryan races than with us. The pedigree of the Emperor of Japan, tracing his descent through two thousand years, is the best known proof of this. It is not unlikely, by the way, that the *Almanach de Gotha* will make room at

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some early date in its third part for the flower of the Japanese nobility. In the interior of China, so we are told by returned travellers, there are families whose authenticated descent rivals in length that of the Mikado. In Mohammedan countries the descendant of the Prophet never loses the memory of his ancestry, however low he may have fallen in his estate. Among Europeans, on the other hand, the loss of station, *i.e.*, of fortune, suffices to cause a noble house to disappear in the multitude after four, or, at the most, five or six generations. A poor lesser nobility has best succeeded in maintaining itself in Germany, a poor country until quite recent years, sometimes by strange devices, strangest of which was perhaps that of the marriage of the head of the house alone, his younger brothers remaining unmarried and staying with him to work the estate and keep it up for no other reward than their sustenance. In England, on the other hand, a poor nobility has never maintained itself at all. There is historical record of an English duke of mediæval times who was deprived of his rank because he lacked the means properly to maintain its dignity.

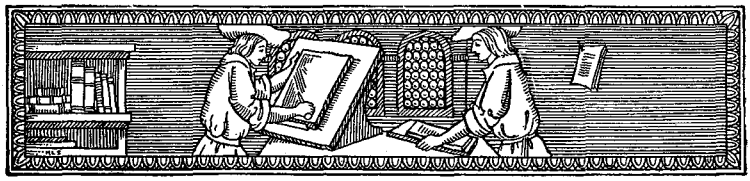
OLD TESTAMENT PEDIGREES

The elaborate pedigrees of the Old Testament testify to the regard in which ancestry was held by the ancient Hebrews, who appear to have been particularly careful about the descent of their priesthood. The Greeks had their aristocracy of birth, with its claims of descent from half-gods, and the still stranger pretence of some Athenian houses of descent from trees. At the very dawn of history one encounters this ancestral instinct. It is perhaps not too bold a flight of the imagination to ascribe to neolithic man a pride in his descent from paleolithic ancestors, whose rude flint arrow-heads and mace he may well have hung on the walls of his lake-dwelling by the side of his own highly polished jade weapons and implements.

The preposterous pedigrees invented in the Middle Ages have been given up and are forgotten, except by students of what is now almost an exact science. The most picturesque of those that have come down to us is that of the ducal and princely house of Lévis-Mirepoix, whose origin was traced to the tribe of Levy. Consequently the family was related to the Virgin Mary, who was represented, in a picture supposed to be still in the possession of the house, as acknowledging the relationship, by saying, in a legend issuing from her mouth, to the bare-headed Lévis-Mirepoix standing in her presence, "Put your hat on, dear cousin" —*Couvrez-vous, mon cousin!*

It is certain that genealogical works will rapidly increase in numbers in the future, chiefly in the form of the family histories already so familiar in this country. In closing this article, it may be pointed out that the ennobling of ancestors is a custom not confined exclusively to China. On the contrary, it is universal. But whereas the Chinese ennoble their progenitors frankly, officially, the rest of the world does it surreptitiously, and then loudly asseverates that it has done nothing of the kind, because, forsooth, its fathers were noble from the very beginning.

A Schade van Westrum.



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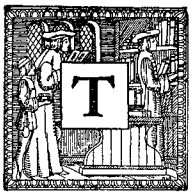
THE SUBSERVIENCE OF PLOT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



HERE is no dictum regarding the requisites of good fiction that is more frequently heard and at the same time more purposeless than that it must contain an interesting story. Considered as advice to the novice, it is either superfluous or misleading. It must mean one of two things: either that an author, in order to interest people in his story, must tell his story in an interesting way—an axiom which touches the limit of banality—or else it means that the interest of plot is paramount over all other interests—and this, if not absolutely unjustified, is one of those half-truths that are responsible for more harm than a deliberate misstatement. A new and clever situation, a climax that does not challenge comparison with half a dozen well-known novels, forms, of course, a good foundation upon which to build. Yet it is the commonest experience for the critic to find an unhackneyed plot spoiled by unskilful development, and a threadbare theme skilfully worked over into the most engrossing novel of the month. The mere epitome of a story may help you decide whether you care to read it; but an attempt to predict from the argument of the plot of the greatest novels ever written their ultimate fate would have been the purest guesswork.

There is a simple, obvious truth which writers of fiction are prone to overlook—that since the novel is a reflex of life, our interest in the people and the events pictured in the novel grows up in precisely the same manner as our interest in living human beings and actual happenings around us. Now, in the social relations of real life there are two kinds of interest which we feel for our fellow-men and women, differing widely in quality and value. There is first the primitive, rudimentary interest which we feel in the unexpected, the bizarre, the tragic, regardless of the person to whom it happens, the interest which gathers a crowd in the street to see a drunken man arrested or a sick woman lifted into an ambulance; the sort of interest to which the make-up editor, with an instinct for news value, skilfully appeals with flaunting headlines. Utterly unimportant persons, whose names we never heard before and whom we shall have forgotten by to-morrow, take on for the hour an absurdly inflated value, due mainly to a morbid curiosity. Between this sort of interest and that which we feel for the men and women to whom we give our friendship and our sympathy there is nothing in common. We do not make up our circle of acquaintances on a basis of the exciting and abnormal incidents which may have befallen them. Our interest in our closest friends does not depend upon the number of times they have been divorced, or saved from drowning, or tried for murder. On the contrary, our interest in all that happens to those who are near and dear to us rests wholly upon our knowledge of their personality, our affection for their kindly qualities, our indulgence toward their faults and frailties. And as it is in real life, so also is it in the world of fiction. The story which has its paramount interest in the plot, which holds you not through your sympathy with its men and women, but simply through your curiosity to know who stole the diamond necklace, where the missing will was hidden, or what became of the poisoned candy, is not the story that you will go back to for a second reading. It is like a stale riddle, an exploded firecracker, the latest horror of last night's sporting extra; it is already consigned to the mental dust-heap. The books which we really delight to remember and to return to from time to time are the books which have won us first by the personalities of their characters. There are not many readers of Dickens or Thackeray who can sit down and give you accurately a detailed argument of *David Copperfield* or *The Old Curiosity*

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Shop, of *The Newcomes* or *Vanity Fair.* But there is not one who does not look back to Dora and the Micawbers and little Nell, to Colonel Newcome and Dobbin and Becky Sharp as to people having a real existence and forming part of our conception of the world we live in.

Here, then, is a working rule for the novelist who would fain have his books survive for something longer than the average life of a popular novel: Let him strive to make the reader feel an interest in the plot for the sake of the characters rather than an interest in the characters only for the sake of the plot. If their personalities are such as to arouse in you strong emotions of admiration, affection, indignation, hatred, then every little incident that he chooses to tell you about them will set you tingling; he may even wax garrulous and wander far afield from the main narrative without awakening your resentment or impatience. But if the characters are no more strongly individualised than so many John Does and Richard Roes, if they are so many pawns on life's chess board, working out some new and puzzling form of checkmate, then pray let us have no digressions, no lingering by the way; let us play the game rapidly to a finish and then brush the men all helter-skelter into the box together. Who remembers over night the names or personalities of the characters in Gaboriau's novels or those of Anna Katherine Green?

The great fault with two-thirds of the detective novels, the pseudo-Dumas novels, the tawdry, melodramatic, penny-dreadful type of fiction, is that the authors have been thinking of plot to the exclusion of everything else. Character, racial traits, environment, everything debased and made subservient to the demands of plot—sensational, extravagant, lurid plot! How often you fling a book aside with the disgusted feeling, "How cheap, how unconvincing, how utterly false to life!" And yet every day you read in the papers stranger, more startling, more melodramatic happenings than ever find their way into fiction. When you say that a certain story is false to life, you mean that not one man or woman in a thousand would have done the deed which the author makes them do. And if, according to your experience of life, the book leaves this impression of falsehood upon you, then there is something radically wrong with it. But the wrong is not where you think it is; not in the act committed, but in the portrayal of the character who did it. Had the author understood his craft, had he seen the relative importance of things, had he made the plot properly subservient to the painting of character, you would have said, "I never supposed before that a human being would do such a deed, but it is precisely what this particular man or woman would have done. I foresaw pages ahead that it was inevitable. It is astonishingly, convincingly, triumphantly true to life!"

But while insisting that plot should be made subservient to delineation of character, one must remember, on the other hand, that it is still a vital part of every work of fiction. The amorphous, rambling narratives of the old *picaresco* school are as obsolete as the fantastic, misshapen dragons and griffins conceived in an age that knew not comparative anatomy. The perfectly articulated, symmetrical plot is the skeleton upon which every novelist who knows his art moulds the shapely outward form of his creation; but like the framework of all the higher orders, it should be hidden beneath the living, palpable forms of human life. It is only the crustaceans and the molluscs, only the lower forms of life or of literature, that wear their bony structures upon the surface.

"The Master-Man"

An unassuming little volume called *The Master-Man* comes conveniently to hand to illustrate this question of the relative importance of character and plot. Although issued anonymously, it offers at least substantial evidence that the author's home is or has been in just such a quiet, old-fashioned, altogether charming Southern village as is pictured with simple vividness in its pages. The framework of the story is not complicated, nor thrilling, nor even original. The strong, honest, self-reliant man who remains faithful throughout life to the early love that fate took from him, finding contentment in living for the good of

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others, and a solace in his later years in befriending the son of the woman he once hoped to make his wife—all this we have had again and again in stories of varying merit from North and East and West as well as from the South. And there is no good reason why it should be otherwise. When any one of those near and dear to us comes with a confidential tale of intimate sorrow or gladness, we do not stop to ask whether it is a new and original joy or grief—something startling, amazing, undreamed of before. On the contrary, the commonplace, world-old tragedies of birth and marriage and death are perennially new and amazing when they enter the households of those we love. And so, when any writer, like this unnamed author of *The Master-Man,* begins by gaining our affection for the men and women of his story, we give our sympathetic interest to whatever happenings affect them deeply without stopping to recall whether the same situation has been used by Homer or Dickens or Laura Jean Libbey. *The Master-Man* is a book that will win its way quietly. There is about it a persuasive and unmistakably feminine touch. Its specific purpose is to show the importance of the physician in the social structure of country and village life, when the physician in question happens to be a man of high ideals, big heart, and dogged persistence along the line of duty, even though death awaits him at the other end. One further merit the book has: it depicts the tracking down, the arrest, and the attempted lynching of a negro, without a touch of melodrama or a hint of racial prejudice, but with a straightforward simplicity that makes a strong and convincing scene.

"Confessions to a Heathen Idol"

One thing may be said emphatically in favour of the psychological, introspective novel—it is based frankly upon the assumption that the interest of any human story depends far less upon what happens than upon how these happenings react upon the nerve centres of a particular man or woman. Take, for example, *Confessions to a Heathen Idol,* by Marian Lee, a refreshingly unusual and whimsical book, that purports to be the private outpourings of secret hopes and fears by a brave-hearted but rather lonely woman of forty into the receptive ears of her one confidante, the ugly little carved-wood image that stands upon her dressing table. A careless classifier of fiction would be quite likely to relegate this volume to the same shelf with *An Englishwoman's Love Letters,* which was so rashly overpraised a few years ago. There is, to be sure, the superficial resemblance that they are both written in the first person, and both reveal the secrets of a woman's heart. But in *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* the interest of plot was paramount. From almost the opening page there was a hint of mystery, the shadow of an unrevealed secret which took an unfair advantage of the reader and lured him on, blinding him to the fact that, taken on her own merits, the "Englishwoman" in question was a rather tiresome person and her letters inanely sentimental. These *Confessions to a Heathen Idol* belong to a different category altogether. They rest upon a foundation of plot, to be sure, but a very simple, natural one, without a hint of mystery. The writer of the confessions was left a widow at the age of twenty-four; and the man whose name recurs with suspicious frequency upon her lips was in the old days an intimate friend of her husband, and ever since has staunchly stood by her; but with masculine obtuseness, having begun by thinking of her as "Paul's widow," he has never ventured to think that she could do otherwise than remain Paul's widow to the end of time. And meanwhile the precious years are slipping away, and she has no other recourse than from time to time to ask her idol wistfully, "Confessor, I wish I knew whether it is something or nothing that I sometimes see in Tom's eyes." The reader who demands from novels the so-called pleasant ending may at once get a clue to the way in which this particular one ends by glancing at the caption accompanying the frontispiece, "Let me whisper something to you, Wise One: When a woman is married she confesses to no one, not even to a broad-minded teak-wood idol." Yet no matter how the volume had ended, it still would have left behind it the im-

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pression of a brave, gracious, fine-natured woman, whom it has been a pleasure to know in the innocent intimacy of these revelations; for it is the exceptional woman with a wholesome philosophy of life who can preach the practical doctrine that "life with all its blisses and sorrows, its ecstasies and commonplaces, is mightily worth while to us mortals, because, good or bad, it is ever and always so surprisingly interesting."

Some argumentative reader will probably object that, while the theory of Subservience of Plot fits in very well with the psychological novel, it does not fit in at all with the big, epic, realistic novel. Is not plot, he will ask, more important than character in Zola's *La Débâcle* or in Kipling's *Kim?* It is quite true that in a story which attempts to trace some great national crisis, some widespread undercurrent of national thought, the character of any one man or woman cannot form the dominant interest of the book, not even in the case of such a central figure as the hero of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* And yet it is emphatically not the plot which forms the paramount importance of Mrs. Stowe's prose epic, or of Kipling's, or of Zola's. In each of these cases it is the character of a nation, the psychology of a race, that gives the books their value and interest. The escape of Emilia and Cassy, the whipping of Uncle Tom, would be merely sensational, dime-novel incidents if we did not see in them and behind them the working of ethnic forces that culminated in the Civil War. *La Débâcle* would be merely a repellent picture of carnage if it were not at the same time an interpretation of the mind of the French rank and file, the peasant and labourer, with his deep-rooted faith in *La Patrie,* in spite of incompetence and treachery in high places. And *Kim* would be merely a fantastic and purposeless extravaganza if it did not symbolise and interpret for us the very heart and soul of modern India. And in a more modest, more circumscribed fashion Sara Jeannette Cotes has attempted something of the same sort in her recent story of English life in India, *Set in Authority.* Racial antagonism is her theme, the antagonism that grows out of the open contempt shown by British residents and British soldiers for the natives, and more particularly from the difficulty which the Hindoo experiences in obtaining legal redress for any injustice from the white man. The author projects the epoch of her story somewhat vaguely into the future. Lord Curzon's tenure of office and that of one or more successors has expired, and a new Viceroy with new theories has come upon the scene. Justice, he determines, shall be administered, not according to the established Anglo-Indian methods, but without distinction of colour or caste. The height of his ambition, so his enemies declare, is to hang an English soldier for murdering a Hindoo. And before long he has the chance to do this very thing. A private in the Fifth Barfordshires, having carried on an intrigue with a native woman, is said to have been discovered one day by the husband and to have killed him—quite wantonly, so the native witnesses testify; in self-defence, the accused persistently declares. Tried after the usual methods, he is sentenced to imprisonment for two years. At this point the new Viceroy intervenes, and by using the whole power of his personal influence, his authority, the machinery of his office, he succeeds in having the man retried, convicted of murder and finally executed—and that, too, in spite of the remonstrance of his friends, the sneers of his enemies, the storm of denunciation that rises on all sides from every one, soldier and civilian alike, who understands India and knows the danger of this new radicalism. And when the luckless private of the Fifth Barfordshires has died a shameful death to establish a new precedent of racial equality, it turns out that the Hindoo whose murder he has expiated was not murdered after all. He was nursed back to life by his friends, who smuggled him out of the way and cheerfully committed perjury about him to gratify their private ends. And finally, as a crowning touch of irony, it develops that the dead private, whose antecedents had baffled the efforts of the secret service men, was in reality the missing brother of the woman whom the Viceroy finally marries. But for his own peace

"Set in Authority"

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of mind, the Viceroy is spared this knowledge.

"The Master Spirit"

A good example of a novel that has run to plot, as an over-fertilised plant runs to leaf, is *The Master Spirit*, by Sir William Magnay. Imagine a highly gifted but badly warped nature, a man who is not only a subtle jurist but a born statesman, who in time may aspire, so his admirers predict, to be premier of England. And then one day news comes that while he is touring in Spain an accident has occurred to his train and he is one of the victims. But, as a matter of fact, he is not dead—merely crippled. An injury to the spine has left him with brain as keenly, dangerously alert as ever, but with limbs paralysed from the waist down. In the train with him was another young Englishman, a stranger, to whose prompt ministrations the cripple owes his life, and through whose connivance the false message of death reaches England. The two, plotting together in the temporary haven of a Spanish monastery, enter into a strange bargain. The older man, the cripple, is to give his intellect, his subtle grasp upon men and things, to the younger man; and the latter in turn pledges himself to obey the other's wishes, to play the part in politics that the other might have played, to make the other's friends and enemies his own, to follow up and crush whomever the Master Spirit designates as the victim. The plan works admirably for several years; but neither member of this strange partnership has foreseen the curious coincidence that the younger man will fall in love with the one woman in all England whom the cripple once hoped to make his wife. Such, in brief, is a suggestion of the plot which riots through the pages of Sir William Magnay's latest volume. If it had been handled with considerably more restraint, and if the characters concerned had been a little more like ordinary human beings and not quite such impossible combinations of superlative virtue and cleverness, vindictiveness and villainy, it might easily have made a better book.

"Beached Keels"

Beached Keels is a volume of three novelettes, by Henry M. Rideout. They deal with the sailor folk of the North Atlantic and the primitive social conditions of the Maine coast. Mr. Rideout's construction is faulty; his stories, short as they are, seem to ramble needlessly. But he has the gift of vividness and a rare sense of the value of little things; he can paint the crest of a wave or a trait of character with an admirable terseness. And beyond all dispute, he can make you feel the resistless call of the sea to those who know and love it. Of the three stories which make up the present volume, the strongest, though perhaps not the most characteristic, is "Wild Justice." It contains at least four graphic pictures that you do not readily forget. First, the dim grey dawn of the day when Marden Sebright bids his mother farewell to go on his first long voyage. The sea has taken his father and his brother, and now it claims him—for if he stays at home his mother will starve. Second, the day in Sicily, when temptation comes to Marden in the form of laughing eyes and soft speech and the sensuous joy of living in this foreign land; and with the strength to resist temptation is born a resolve to return home, to give up the sea, to forswear a life which made his dead father a brutal husband, his fugitive brother an undutiful son. Thirdly, the day of Marden's return home, to find that he has come too late, for his mother is dead; and lastly, the day when the wandering brother, depraved and sodden, also comes home and attempts to install a shameless woman in the room once occupied by Marden's mother. The attempt fails, for Marden kills him. A crude, ill-connected drama, one must admit, whose defects show up glaringly in a bald retelling; and yet, as set forth with Mr. Rideout's rugged directness, it possesses a certain grim strength easier to feel than to explain.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Napoleon, King of Elba*

We thought we knew all about Napoleon from the first to the last phase, so eloquently depicted by Lord Rosebery, and that only minor details would have to be added here and there to the narratives and descriptions of the imperial era placed at our disposal. We were mistaken. Monsieur Paul Gruyer, whose book, *Napoléon, Souverain de l'île, d'Elbe,* has added a whole chapter to the history of the extraordinary Emperor, the history of his ten months' sovereignty over the tiny island of Elba.

Paul Gruyer is not the only writer who has chosen this theme. He himself quotes a number of publications, the most recent of which are Foresi's *Napoleone all Isola d'Elba* and Marcellin Pellet's *Napoléon a l'île d'Elbe,* dealing with the same period of Napoleon's life. But nowhere before the appearance of the book under review had a complete picture of the surroundings and the central figure been presented with the necessary completeness. Now nothing remains to be known.

First of all, we know the place itself in which Napoleon resided between April 28, 1814, and February 28, 1815. Paul Gruyer's volume opens with a very sprightly narrative of the author's first visit to the comparatively unknown island of Elba. How many of us knew before being told by Monsieur Gruyer that from the high places in Elba, Napoleon could gaze upon the shores and mountains of his native island of Corsica? How many that Napoleon, on becoming sovereign (but not king, as erroneously stated by the translator) of Elba became thereby the owner of important iron mines, which provided him with part of his income during his short stay there? How many subjects did he rule over in his island kingdom after relinquishing the imperial crown that gave him sway over millions of human beings? Who of us knew that it was about twenty-five thousand?

Thanks to Monsieur Gruyer, we now can follow Napoleon almost day by day from his departure from Fontainebleau until his embarkation upon the brig *L'Inconstant,* by which he was brought back to the shores of France in 1815.

We see him dividing his activity between two objects, which seem as close to his heart, one as the other—the development of the natural resources of his small kingdom and the devising of measures that would help to maintain around him an atmosphere of imperial greatness. What linked his now restricted life to his years of splendour and achievements is not forgotten. Thus we are made acquainted in the fullest details with the vain and pathetic efforts of the Emperor to regain the companionship of his wife, or at least to keep her from going to Vienna, where influences decidedly hostile to him were sure to turn her away from the path of conjugal fidelity. Incidents are related turning upon his grief in relation to his absent boy which must have been known to Victor Hugo when he wrote his beautiful ode on Napoleon II. Not the least interesting are the pages dealing with Napoleon's mother, Letitia Ramolino, and with his sister, Pauline Borghese, who shared his exile—shall we not say, rather, his imprisonment?—at Elba. And then there is the romantic episode of the visit in August of Countess Walewska and her boy, Napoleon's own son. The writer of these lines may own to a personal interest in the episode. It brought back before his mind this son of Napoleon's, handsome Count Walewski, seen by him presiding over the French Chamber of Deputies about forty years ago, and a few years later another Count Walewski, Napoleon's grandson, his comrade-in-arms in the Franco-German War of 1870-71.

Of the five divisions of the book—The Island of Elba, The Emperor's Arrival, The Last Idyl, The Lion in the Fox's Skin, From the Evasion to Our

*Napoleon, King of Elba. From the French of Paul Gruyer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. London: William Hennemann, 1906.

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Own Days—the most important and fascinating, the one which contains the key to the whole work, is the fourth one, viz., The Lion in the Fox's Skin. The story up to the middle of February is told without any reference to any thought in the mind of Napoleon relating to a possible escape and return to France. To be sure, rumours are mentioned as current of a possible attempt to land in Italy and join forces with Murat, then still on the throne of Naples; but these are at once dismissed as idle gossip. The only serious references to a possible departure of Napoleon from Elba relate to the undoubtedly justified fears of an attempt on the part of the powers of carrying out the plan, which was followed only after Waterloo, of removing the fallen Emperor to a far distant clime and treating him no longer as a sovereign, but as a prisoner. Great attention, even, is paid to plots of a much darker nature, directed against the very life of the hero.

Monsieur Gruyer, however, is not a believer in the sincerity of Napoleon's utterances when he proclaimed himself satisfied henceforth to rule in peace over his island subjects and to look after their happiness. But he successfully strives to produce upon the reader's mind the impression which, in his opinion, Napoleon from the start tried to produce upon public opinion in Europe. Napoleon, he holds, never for a moment thought of anything else but hoodwinking those that had conquered him. The idea of a return to the throne was formed by him not after hearing in Elba of the dissatisfaction caused in France by the unwise measure of the returned Bourbon, but on the very day when he signed his abdication at Fontainebleau. He foresaw two alternatives: either Louis XVIII. would take up things *de novo,* establish a modern government, cutting loose entirely from the old traditions, and then the rejuvenated Bourbon dynasty would become absolutely unattainable; or he would act as he did act in reality, and then the restoration of the empire was a foregone conclusion. The thesis is interesting, and we are surprised that in presenting it Monsieur Gruyer did not think of quoting a celebrated utterance of Napoleon's which it invests with a hitherto unsuspected meaning: "The best thing Louis XVIII. can do is to lay himself upon my bed; it is a good one."

As to the translator's task, it has been fairly done, as far as turning the French into readable English. But in other respects the performance is one of which it is impossible to write with too great severity. The translator is totally ignorant of everything French, except to a certain extent the French language, and of the history of the period. For instance, he mentions (p. 24) "a print by Epinal of Napoleon." He evidently thinks of Epinal as a designer or engraver. He never heard of the town of Epinal, where nearly all the cheap, coloured prints sold in France, and known as *images d'Epinal,* are made.

On page 77 he speaks of Cambronne, and represents him as then, in the spring of 1814, already celebrated for words which he is, correctly or erroneously, reported to have uttered toward the close of the battle of Waterloo, *i.e.,* on June 18, 1815. On page 78 Masséna is spoken of as having, at the battle of Zurich, been in command of the Swiss army. This is evidently the *Armée d'Helvétie, i.e.,* the French army operating in Switzerland.

In addition to such blunders, we must call attention to numerous misprints, some of them ridiculous, like Persia for Pisa, Madrid for Moscow, etc.

Adolphe Cohn.

II

Leland's Life and Letters*

There are many persons who regard genius as a rather painful quality, rarely indicative of respectability in the possessor, who becomes thereby an object of pity to the more normally minded. But trying as is the contempt of the mediocre minded, genius has its compensations for such dispensations of the artificial providence of the middle class; it has managed in a good number of cases to survive them. But there is a large class of people possessing marked ability

*Charles Godfrey Leland. A Biography. By Elizabeth Robbins Pennell. Illustrated. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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of one sort or another which just falls short of genius; it may be talent of the highest kind; it is not quite touched with the divine fire. And such talent is in many ways one of the saddest things in the world. It means tragedy—a tragedy none the less significant because it is as old as the human mind. Genius has its reward in its own kind, sometimes in other kind. Talent may or may not touch the passing taste; it can never go beyond the cruel limits of its own boundaries. And whenever it is true talent the realisation of those bars must cause more or less suffering.

Charles Godfrey Leland is a striking example of a man of genuine talent—and nothing more. His vivid and intensely interesting personality impressed itself upon every one who ever knew him. His intuition was wonderfully keen. His achievements were varied in the extreme; it is necessary only to turn to the bibliography at the end of these volumes to realise this. But in every direction his abilities just lacked the final touch. His work was so good that one wonders often why it was not just a little better. He was clever to a degree scarcely appreciated by a generation which, it is to be feared, only remembers him vaguely as the author of a catchy ballad which chanced to hit the popular fancy. His imagination was full of delightful quips and cranks. He had a keen sense of humour. His judgment of human nature, though sometimes mistaken, as in the case of Walt Whitman, was more frequently acute in its deductions. He had a distinct feeling for style. His industry was little short of phenomenal when one considers the many different topics which he treated. Moreover, we are told that he was a singularly capable journalist; it was his misfortune, not his fault, that so many of his engagements in this line were unsuccessful. It would scarcely be possible to enumerate all of Leland's gifts in any ordinary summary of his distinguishing characteristics.

Yet despite this wealth of possibilities Charles Godfrey Leland was all but forgotten except among his friends and a few sincere admirers many years before his death, less than four years ago. When he made his long visit to England in the seventies he was immensely popular; his reputation was probably greater than his accomplishment at that time warranted, and it is not unlikely that the subsequent comparative neglect which he suffered was in large measure due to this fact. The reasons for the sadness of the last years, which brought the insistent sense of failure to one whose dominant vitality could ill brook the oppression, were many. Leland's personality, as far as it reveals itself in his niece's somewhat overlong study of it, shows two very distinct individualities within one man. Mrs. Pennell lays much stress upon the fact that he never lived among the gypsies as George Borrow did, although his sympathy for them and his understanding of them was so keen. Without undue exaggeration of the significance of this fact, we may fairly take this as indicative of the warring nature of Leland's instincts. He was a Bohemian, and yet he liked clean linen and a roof to shelter him. His heart went out to Walt Whitman; and yet he was horrified when Whitman treated him with the rudeness which was wholly characteristic of the "good grey poet's" natural disposition. He had a wayward fancy for everything occult; but his sense of humour cropped up in the midst of his investigations into witchcraft and prevented him from accepting statements which appealed strongly to his love for the supernatural. And between all these contradictory impulses the real talents with which he was endowed were crushed and bruised. We must accord to them the sincere respect that they deserve. But it is not possible to recreate that which Leland himself, probably through no remediable failing of his own, destroyed.

It is therefore rather in Leland's personality, with its charm and its many notable qualities, that the reader of Mrs. Pennell's life of Leland is primarily interested. In so far as she has presented that personality in the most vivid possible manner she has succeeded in that part of her task with which the public is most concerned. It may be doubted whether she has been wholly wise in the method adopted to attain this end. In spite of much that is delightful, the book is longer than discretion would have dictated, and

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even those who appreciate most the attractiveness of Mr. Leland's unique individuality must wish that many of the details of the early life had been omitted and that the author had passed more lightly over the later years in Italy. It is easy to understand that the temptation to quote from letters, delightful in themselves, yet out of place in a biography, was almost irresistible; and yet it should have been resisted. There is so much that is really absorbing in the book, so much of that true interpretation that is the rarest of all biographical achievements, that one regrets the more what must be regarded as an error of judgment. Mrs. Pennell's devotion to her uncle induces her to make a mistake which a less ardent friend would hardly have made.

But if it is not possible always to commend Mrs. Pennell's judgment as warmly as her heart, there is still much in these two volumes which calls for something more than perfunctory enthusiasm for the pleasure which they can hardly fail to give. The record of the ten years spent in England, when the Lelands were entertained by almost every one of note in the literary and artistic world, the story of his intercourse with the gypsies, and many other matters, are full of interesting bits of description, characteristic anecdotes and glimpses of famous men and women. Yet one must close the book with a sensation of poignant regret. It cannot achieve its purpose. Were it free from what must be considered defects, it still could not quite do that. And Charles Godfrey Leland, the man, is, with all his eccentricities, so lovable that the reader must share with him and with those who had the privilege of knowing him in deploring the failure of Charles Godfrey Leland the writer.

Elizabeth Kendall.

III

Lucas Malet's "The Far Horizon"*

Every American who has explored London beyond Regent Street and Piccadilly has viewed with curiosity the long, dreary rows of dwellings that characterise the suburbs of the great city, and wondered what sort of people those dismal houses sheltered and what kind of lives were theirs. In *The Far Horizon,* Lucas Malet, now writing over her own name of Mary St. Leger Harrison, has put before us that phase of existence (one can hardly call it life) so incomprehensible in its forlorn isolation to the gregarious American, and has made it by her skilful and sympathetic touch as interesting as the annals of Mayfair.

To few writers is it given to touch high-water mark more than once. Mrs. Harrison's latest book has neither the strong dramatic quality of *The Wages of Sin* nor the deep psychological interest of *Sir Richard Calmady.* This time it is in delineation of character that the author has shown her power, for the book is almost entirely lacking in action, though never in interest.

It is commonly said that English novel writers depend too much upon incident, and that it is the French, and in a lesser degree the Americans, who excel in character drawing. There is doubtless some ground for this criticism, but it is one which must be taken with considerable reservation as long as writers like Mrs. Harrison appear to carry on the tradition of Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell.

The Far Horizon contains four studies of character as different, as striking, and as complete as any that have appeared in fiction for a long time. Dominic Iglesias is the son of a Spanish political exile, who is aptly described as "a victim of that false passion of humanity which takes its rise not in honest desire for the welfare of mankind, but in blind rebellion against all forms of authority." Like all political refugees, Dominic's father is forever concerned in conspiracies and plots more or less futile, and from one of his many sudden and mysterious journeys he never returns. Thereafter Dominic, his occupation that of a bank clerk, leads a quiet and monotonous existence until his retirement on a pension at the age of fifty-five forces him to a complete readjustment of his life.

It is often said that women are unable to draw satisfactorily the character of a gentleman. Dominic Iglesias must be a

*The Far Horizon. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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convincing refutation of this theory as far as Mrs. Harrison is concerned. With his natural refinement, intensified by his love for his mother and the constant sacrifices made for her, his perception of beauty, his devotion to the church of his fathers, with his gentleness of soul, his innate self-restraint and his Old World courtesy, Iglesias stands clearly before us, recalling that other modern portrayal of a Catholic gentleman, Helbeck of Bannisdale.

To turn from Dominic Iglesias to Poppy St. John is like leaving the cool shadows of some quiet cloister for the vivid life of the street. No greater contrast could be imagined than that of the grave, courteous, unworldly man of middle age and the audacious, gay, unconventional young woman whose past is not wholly without shadow, but who retains her appreciation of goodness and her ability to be stimulated by it into a renewed hold upon herself and a fresh and successful start in life. As we read of Dominic's life, so incomprehensible to Americans, with its inferior social surroundings, from which there seems no escape, we can understand the beginning of his curious friendship with one so unlike himself as Poppy St. John, with her frank good-comradeship, her painted lips and her constant suggestion of the footlights. Had Mrs. Harrison chosen to call Poppy St. John an American, she might have done so unchallenged, for in her language and choice of adjectives the little actress is much more like a New Yorker than those strange creatures who frequent the pages of modern British fiction and are supposed to be faithful representatives of American womanhood.

From Poppy St. John to Serena Lovegrove is indeed a far cry. As Poppy is the embodiment of an unrestrained, unconventional youth, so Serena, faded, elegant, and well on in the forties, represents with an appalling fidelity to nature the typical middle-class Englishwoman, limited in mind, narrow in outlook, and contracted in sympathies.

"Her mind, like those of so many unoccupied, and consequently self-occupied, persons, was addicted to speculation of a minor and vacuous sort. She was also liable—as such persons often are—to mistake cavilling for spirit and wit—a most tedious error."

The consistency of Mrs. Harrison's characters is very noticeable. Having drawn a person like Serena Lovegrove, she is able to show us her train of thought, to let us follow her mode of reasoning. Her veiled pursuit of the unconscious Dominic, her gradual perception of the fact that it is hopeless, and the consequent change of her mental attitude toward him, are wonderfully well done, and, with the author's gift of saying much in few words, Serena's attitude toward men is described. "She laboured under the quaint, early Victorian notion that in the presence of members of the opposite sex a woman is called upon always to play something of a part."

But the crowning triumph of the book is the description of the unsuccessful author and playwright, DeCourcy Smyth. It is doubtful whether the born ingrate has ever been so well described before. Egotistical, vain, excusing his readiness to live off any man or even any woman by the cry, "The world owes me a living," this odious character is displayed in thought as well as word with a skill that Mrs. Harrison has never surpassed. Smyth's hatred of the successful, his girding at the "commercialism" of the present day, which he holds responsible for his failure in life, his envy of those better off than himself, repel Dominic at their meeting in the café, but the appeal for sympathy, which had drawn him to Poppy St. John, is one to which his gentle nature instinctively responds, and he becomes the benefactor of a man whom he instinctively loathes.

To the heart of the ingrate no insult is equal to that of benefits conferred. They rankle like poison, and from the moment Smyth accepts his money his attitude toward Iglesias is that of the envious, mean-minded man, who cannot forgive a kindness done him. And when at last, his play having failed, it is borne in upon even his hide-bound conceit that he has miscalculated his powers and success is not for him, it is the one inconsistency of the book that he puts an end to his own miserable existence. So would it not have been in real life. He would

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have turned upon Dominic, even as the man whom William Terriss had befriended shot down his benefactor in cold blood because he could not forgive the kindnesses received from him.

It is delightful to meet some of our old friends in this book. From *The Wages of Sin* comes Dot Parris, whose artistic inheritance from her father, James Colthurst, takes a dramatic form, and who has just made her first success on the stage. Lady Constance Decies, who came so near becoming the wife of Sir Richard Calmady, and her brother, Lord Fallowfield, formerly the scapegrace Lord Shotover, are seen for a moment, but they have grown older and Fallowfield has lost much of his gayety. There is little humour in the book, no love-making, and the hero is a man of between fifty and sixty, and yet from what might be called unpromising material the author his given us a story of never-flagging interest, rich in thought and feeling.

Within the last few years Mrs. Harrison has joined the Roman Catholic Church, and the zeal of the convert is manifest in many of the pages of her book, but outside the limit of dogma or creed is the central idea of the story, which tells of "godly endeavour faithfully to travel the road which leads to the far horizon touched by the illimitable glory of the Uncreated Light."

Mary K. Ford.

IV

Ralph Connor's "The Doctor"*

When an author has sold more than a million copies of his books he has become a subject of investigation less for the specialist in literary matters than for the sociologist. It is high time that a subject fraught with such momentous interest to a large and growing class—the novelists—should receive adequate recognition from science. In this modern era the deductive method has already been applied with the happiest results to religious "revivals"—the psychology of the religious mob. Speculation has played about the theatrical mob (that in the seats, not on the stage). We have even seen, and perhaps read, portentously scientific volumes on the psychology of advertising. But none of these admirable investigations quite elucidates the psychology of the reading mob, though the advertising field impinges on that of the popular novelist. The latter individual has grown so numerous in the community that he and his followers or victims deserve a book all to themselves.

No attempt to forestall so valuable a work is to be made here. I write in full confidence that the acute specialist is near at hand, only awaiting the cue to attack the subject boldly and in the true scientific spirit. Yet a mere reader of books, who is no scientist, may be allowed to suggest a possible way of approach to this important matter. Nowhere is the material for this study more advantageously disposed than in the works of the gentleman who signs himself Ralph Connor. In the first place, the statistical information is reassuring. We have the word of his publishers, whose integrity is not to be questioned, that his books have reached a sale of more than a million and a half copies, and the imposing figures are given for each one in the series. There are not more than one or two authors, if indeed there are any, in this country who can match this honourable record. Again, there is reason for believing that these books are remarkably homogeneous. I myself have read but one, the latest; but I am given to understand that a Ralph Connor book is unmistakable—that while one may differ from another in glory, the quality of the light they shed is the same. The scientist, then, who applies his method successfully to one of them is not in danger of finding himself compelled to account for another on totally different grounds. He who has explained one has explained all.

Let our scientist, then, approach *The Doctor* (assuming it to be typical) without any literary preoccupations. It should be easy to maintain this impartial attitude, for in those qualities which have a literary bearing the book shows a fairly clean balance. Faulty construction, feeble characterisation, naive disregard of the supposed relation between the novel and life, are offset by vigour and move-

*The Doctor. By Ralph Connor. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

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ment in many detached incidents, an inoffensive style (this is very high praise) and a picturesque, fresh scenic background. None of these, however, is the sort of thing that accounts for a million and a half. The elements that make for ethical and social potency lie deeper.

But out of the total impression left on me by this story two facts emerge which seem to have significance of the right sort. One of these is the religious tone that pervades the book. The author does not forget that he is also a preacher, and the moving climaxes which occur with some frequency arise in many cases from the religious motive. In these scenes emotionalism is unrestrained, for this religion is no mere abstract theology, but, as it should be, a thing of the senses and feelings. It is reasonable to believe that this quality has much to do with the extent of Ralph Connor's following. If so, it seems to prove that the great heart of the American people is still religiously sound. Or, if you prefer, it proves that the American people are still in the grip of outworn superstitions to an extent undreamed of by the enlightened. To be sure, the author toys carelessly and even approvingly with such words as heresy and heterodoxy; but the heresy that he lauds is the straightest orthodoxy of the effete New Yorker. Essentially it is still the same old religious spirit as of yore, the spirit that brought forth the "revival" and the experience meeting.

The other significant fact is what I am compelled to call the immorality of portions of the book. This is no light matter, and I confess to some hesitancy before recording this phase of my impression. It is hard to define right or wrong in general terms, and I am far from wishing to do the reverend author of *The Doctor* an injustice. But the truth is, that I read with shocked amazement his realistic description of certain scenes in which carnal passions have full sway. Never could they have been intended for a deliberate appeal to the baser instincts of man; yet such was my first uneasy thought. Nor is the doubt removed by the conventional and artificial morals invariably appended to these scenes, though it is easy to understand their reassuring effect on a certain class of readers. I can imagine some thousands of pious old women and curious young ones reading these chapters with suppressed excitement and salving their inflamed Puritan consciences with the scriptural tag at the end.

Whether this element in the book has played its part in the winning of Ralph Connor's large audience must be left for my coming scientist to determine.

Ward Clark.

V

Alice Brown's "The County Road"*

In *The County Road* we have a dozen short stories in Miss Brown's best manner. Let us be very thankful that in at least five of them she allows her humour more place than usual. That in very few of them are there those overwrought, supersensitive, mystical, lovelorn women who vivisect their own hearts searching out abnormal emotional developments.

Of course, each story has some vivid human interest—breathless interest in many—but finding its expression in a wholesome and natural way. Miss Brown has always been able to make very extraordinary situations convincing, very incomprehensible people definite, but at present she is content, with few exceptions, to give the queernesses—which a nerve specialist might call monomania or hysteria—so gentle, so lovable a twist, to cure each "case" so sensibly and comfortably that there is left scarcely one hopeless victim. The *femme incomprise* has less of her sympathy than in "High Noon," for instance, and instead there are even two examples of *l'homme incompris*. One of these, "A Hermit in Arcadia," is cured of abnormal softness of heart, and also of being a hermit, by Angelica Payne, a delightful, "witchlike," gipsy-like girl, partly irrepressible, devilish fun, partly divine, comprehending tenderness. In her he finds so compelling an attraction that he "does not care whether he is going to make her happy or not." The sketch is filled with "pulsating promise of spring." We feel the

*The County Road. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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man's absorption in the life of the woods, sorrowing with Angelica, however, that his pies should have got burned, for very few men make flaky pie-crust! The other "misunderstood" man finds his comprehending tenderness in a woman who is willing to help him count the leaves on an apple-tree—"The Tree of a Thousand Leaves." Full of pathos and humour, with a unique "moral," is "A Day Off," in which Abigail Bennet is driven to desperation by her husband's persistent meddling in household affairs, and to especial exasperation by his having disappointed Claribel, the pretty daughter, in a long-anticipated celebration "of a kind of a particular day." Abigail gets a day off for herself, and makes possible the day of happiness for her daughter by telling the meddler one lie after another. Though she had never lied wilfully in her life before, the ease and success of her beginning led her, and us, on with irresistible temptation and delight, until at the end of the day she thus confesses to the kitchen, "inanimate witness of her perfidy," "I've had a splendid day. I've had the best time I've had for years. I ain't ever goin' to have another like it. I don't dast to. 'Twouldn't take much to land me in jail, but I ain't sorry, an' I ain't a-goin' to say I be." I mentioned pies in Arcadia. In "A Day Off" we have a cake well made and properly baked. This is but the first of a series of appetising, ambrosial cakes, pies, and biscuits, for these women, sentimental or sensible, are dexterous cooks. In "Bachelor's Fancy," not the least thrilling part is the furiously rapid making of cream-o'-tartar biscuits, custard pies and sugar gingerbread, "cut out in an oak-leaf pattern." To be sure, Cynthia's baking was an act of expiation, and also a preparation for suicide. The Cynthia in "A Sea Change," though on the verge of nervous prostration, bakes bread, a chest full of mince pies, boils bacon and "sprouts" potatoes, packs her trunk, harnesses the horse and drives to the railway station—all in one day. No wonder she collapses, but she is one of many remarkable "cures." "Sister" Frances "putting her to bed" and "feeding her up" is quite Doctor Weir Mitchell's method. Another amateur sanitarium is run by Zilpha Blake. She has filled her house with half-crazy relatives, gives them "hot water before meals," and goes joyously through all the routine of a rest-cure establishment, longing only for a "spare room" of her own—"The Pilgrim Chamber." Lucretia Blaine is also self-sacrificing, and her house, which I call another sanitarium, the young minister likens to The Cave of Adullam.

The title of the book is well chosen, carrying with it a leisurely pace, happy endings, unforced homely dialect, Yankee talk as it really is. Yankees and Yankee talk survive but here and there, and the unexacting, frugal foreigner is a poor substitute. It is indeed fortunate that Alice Brown is using her knowledge, insight, power of analysis, and appreciation of these passing conditions in the delightfully sympathetic way she now leads us along *The County Road,* whatever may have been her attitude toward the life and the people in some of her earlier stories. Her style is masterly, though condensation to the point of sheer wastefulness of material, combined with a fervour so tense that it tires, makes it advisable to read not more than two or three stories at a time, if one wants to retain capacity for rational judgment.

Alice Durant Smith.

VI

Jack London's "White Fang"*

Some artists there are whose work is so evidently merely a vehicle of expression for their personality that the form which that expression happens to take for the moment is immaterial. Jack London is of these. Form or subject that he happens to choose to write in or about matters little. It is the same vivid, virile personality pouring itself out in a wealth of words that mean warmth and strength or pitiless cold and pitiless cruelty—extreme in either case; exaggerated, but alive, always alive. This is Jack London, and it is of very little importance whether he is writing a story about a man or a dog, about a wolf or a whaler; whether

*White Fang. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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he gives us a sociological treatise on the city slums or a love story in letters. We enjoy it all because it is Jack London, not because it is whatever it happens to be in outer form. Thus, we cannot blame Jack London when he leaps from one style to another, from one point of view to another. He is really always fundamentally, delightfully the same.

White Fang, the story which is the latest vehicle for expression of Jack London's personality to appear in the form of a book, is an animal story, technically; a sort of companion piece to *The Call of the Wild,* the hit of several years back. It takes us up to the Northland Wild, to the scene of Nature's cruelty, to the companionship of cruel beasts and cruel men, the former preferable by contrast. It is full of blood and death, rough, rugged strength, horror and beastliness, passing glimpses of kindliness and love. It begins where the former similar book ended, in the Wild, and it ends where that closed, in the calm of a sunny South California valley. In place of the dog who became a wolf, we have as hero the wolf who became a dog, in tamed, loving submission to man in the lazy calm of civilised life. White Fang, three-quarters wolf, one-quarter Northland dog—which is but wolf once removed—is as thoroughly alive as was Buck, the St. Bernard who went over to his wild kindred to become one of them. We have had a good many stories of the intimate physical and psychical life of wild animals within the past ten years, but what gives a story value is not its subject, but the treatment of this subject. Because White Fang is so thoroughly alive we like to read of his early cub days and of his first experiences of slavery to man. We follow him with interest through the terrible years of his existence as a licensed murderer, the caged "Fighting Wolf," whose work it was to put his life to the test to make a holiday for humans much more embruted than he. As in the former book, the one good man of the story rescues White Fang from his tormentors and finds his heart in love. Only here this rescuer had to create a feeling that had never been called into life before. When Weedon Scott has thoroughly won the allegiance of the tamed wolf, he takes him down to the sunny Southland, and the chapters that tell of White Fang's experiences with civilisation, with conventional man and conventional dog, are not the least interesting, and are certainly the most novel of the book.

The first three chapters form a section by themselves, a moving little story of perils, which has very little to do with the main narrative, but which is too good not to have been utilised. In it the Wild becomes a living personality, terrible, pitiless, crushing down the rash men who venture to pit their puny strength against its vastness.

> They travelled on without speech, using their breath for the work of their bodies. On every side was the silence, pressing on them with a tangible presence. It affected their minds as the many atmospheres of deep water affect the body of the diver. It crushed them with the weight of unending vastness and unalterable decree. It crushed them into the remotest recesses of their own minds, pressing out of them, like juices from the grape, all the false ardours and exaltations and undue self-values of the human soul, until they perceived themselves finite and small specks and motes, moving with weak cunning and little wisdom amidst the play and interplay of the great blind elements and forces.

We get something of the feel of the Wild in sentences like this. The illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull are not the least good thing about the book. The virility of this artist is as strong and as alive as that of the author he companions, but there is a greater sense of self-control in it, a power of restraint and reserve which makes his work a lasting delight. He pictures the creatures of the Wild, but he pictures them with a touch of conscious conventionality, a suggestion of the New Art in the portraying of the Elemental and the Ever Old in Nature, that does not take from its strength, but gives it a piquancy which charms by its unexpectedness.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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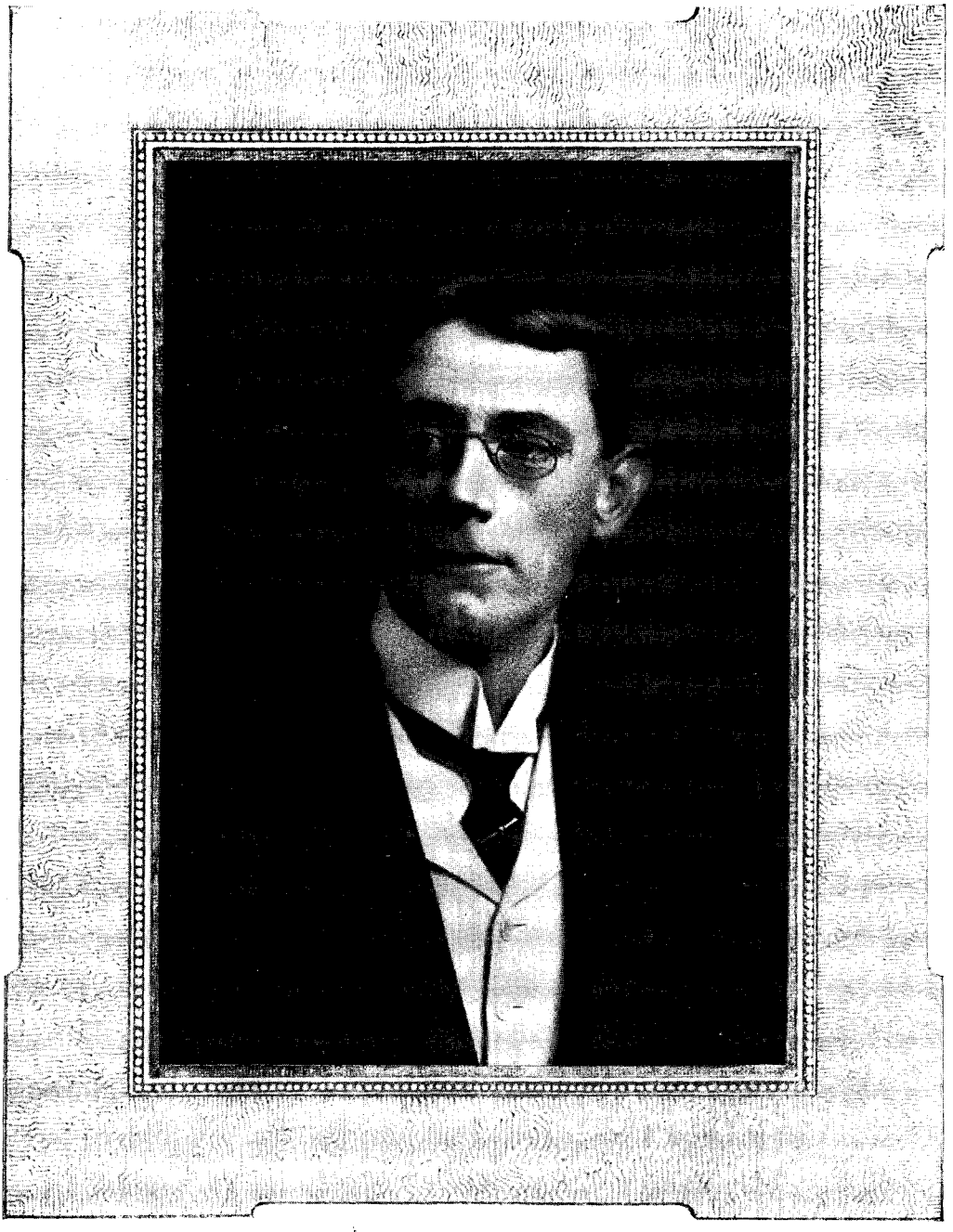

W. J. LOCKE

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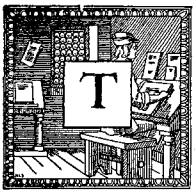
WILLIAM JOHN LOCKE—AN APPRECIATION



TO the entomologist, there is no keener joy than at rare intervals to come across a beetle without next of kin in the whole vast family of beetles, a butterfly that refuses to be classified under any known genus of Lepidoptera. To the lover of good fiction there is a kindred satisfaction in discovering that equally rare prize, a novel that does not at once fall into one or other of the mental pigeonholes which we keep reserved for all the common, or "garden," varieties of plot and story. It does not follow that originality is necessarily a hall-mark of genius, that a new species of fiction or beetle or chrysanthemum is better than the old species, or that it is anything other than praise to say that a novelist is a worthy successor of Dickens, that he follows in the footsteps of Thackeray, that he has caught the spirit of Kipling. And yet the fortunate author who can hold us with the charm of a quaint novelty, who keeps secret the family tree of his intellectual development, who holds our interest for his own sake, and not because his book can trace its ancestry to Richardson or Smollett, may justly lay claim to a peculiar merit, and will be longer and more affectionately remembered.

An author who has quietly and steadily been developing a rich vein of originality is William John Locke, whose *Derelicts* and *Idols* first attracted notice to him as a writer of promise; whose *Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* in its dramatised form is one of the successes of the present London season, and whose latest novel, *The Beloved Vagabond,* is easily the most delightfully whimsical piece of fiction that the year has produced. The unobtrusiveness of Mr. Locke's advance in letters accounts for the surprise one feels, that the creator of characters and situations so thoroughly unique should not long ago have become more generally known, more familiarly discussed. Owing partly to a retiring disposition, partly to a caprice of fate, his writings have never received the public notice which they deserve; you will search the index of periodical literature in vain for any special articles devoted to him. In America, at least, the majority of reviews that greet each successive book of his, while often cordially recognising their peculiar quality, are only too apt to refer to him as "a certain W. J. Locke," as though his name awakened no chord of memory in the reviewer's mind. And, by a still stranger trick of chance, when this autumn *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* was brought out at the Garrick Theatre, it is said that the play was practically ignored by the theatrical critics, because the actor-manager, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, smarting over a previous failure, sent a personal request to the newspapers that they should refrain from criticism until the play had had its first week's run. Yet both books and play are steadily making their way by that best and most sincere of all forms of advertisement, the personal endorsement of reader to reader, theatre goer to theatre goer. The Garrick Theatre is playing to crowded houses, and already the announcement is made that *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* will be seen on Broadway within the year.

Among the many utterances of Sir Marcus which one suspects are the embodiment of Mr. Locke's personal views, his own private philosophy of life, is the following suggestive passage:

> Hasn't a phase of the duality of our nature ever struck you? We have a primary or everyday nature—a thing of habit, tradition, circumstance; and we also have a secondary nature which clamours for various sensations and is quite contented with vicarious gratification. There are delicately fibred novelists who satisfy a sort of secondary Berserkism by writing books whose pages reek with bloodshed. The most placid, benevolent, gold-spectacled

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paterfamilias I know, a man who thinks it cruel to eat live oysters, has a curious passion for crime and gratifies it by turning his study into a *musée maccabre* of murderers' relics. In the same way predestined spinsters obtain vicarious enjoyment of the tender passion by reading highly coloured love-stories.

There in a nutshell we have the secret source of the delightful unconventionality of Mr. Locke's stories, the charm of irresponsible bohemianism with which they are permeated. This quiet, correct gentleman of forty-four years—he was born in the Barbadoes, March 20, 1863—this graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, with special honours in mathematics; this dignified secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects has a secondary nature which craves the various sensation of the *Vie de Bohème,* and gratifies it vicariously in his leisure hours, by writing the annals of more than one lovable and philosophic vagabond. As has already been intimated, there are no English writers with whom Mr. Locke is closely related, in style, mood or subject-matter. He is quite *sui generis,* as unimitative as he is inimitable. A rebellious vein of romanticism, a love of the Quixotic, a tender chivalry, an indulgent irony: these are some of the qualities possessed by his most characteristic volumes. In the feeblest passages of his earlier works, his romanticism sometimes betrayed him into lapses to which an unkind critic might suggest a parallel from Ouida. In the best pages of *Marcus Ordeyne* and *The Belovèd Vagabond* there is an intangible charm which finds its kinship in French literature, rather than in English—that typically Gallic vein of satire and humour which in one epoch and environment produced a Henry Murger, and in another an Anatole France. Mr. Locke could never have created a Sylvestre Bonnard or a M. Bergerat, but he might have embodied their philosophy, their erudition, their love of letters in some one of the patient and courageous denizens of that bohemia which he haunts by proxy and which Murger himself once defined as "the antechamber to the Academy, the hospital or the morgue."

Up to date Mr. Locke's fiction numbers ten volumes, and while it shows a steady advance in constructive ability, one may say without fear of contradiction that if they were to be measured by plot alone, only the last two or three would deserve to be ranked above the general dead level of mediocrity in fiction. But plot is the part for which the sympathetic reader cares least in Mr. Locke's books. What ultimately happens to his characters is of minor consideration; what they think and say and do from day to day makes up the vital interest. And one suspects that it is the same with Mr. Locke himself as with his readers; he loves his characters less for what they achieve than for what they are. He does not even trouble himself to seek for great variety in plot. Like Marcel's famous painting of "The Passage of the Red Sea," in *La Vie de Bohème,* which underwent an annual metamorphosis into "The Passage of the Rubicon," "The Passage of the Beresina," and finally "The Port of Marseilles," the ground plan of several of Mr. Locke's books prove to be clever variations on one and the same air. You know the typical Ouida plot, the mistaken generosity that makes a man give up a title, a fortune and the woman he loves, take upon himself the crime of another, and disappear from the world that knew him into a life of vagabondage and obscurity. Worked out with Ouida's riotous melodrama, her ignorance of life, her false ideals, we have *Pascarel* and *Under Two Flags.* Substitute for her deficiencies a rare sense of humour, a delicious philosophy of life, a command of irony as dexterous as the rapier play of a practiced swordsman, and you get the measure that separates William John Locke from Ouida. His heroes are often purposely, extravagantly, incredibly quixotic. They go into exile to shield a rival, as in *Where Love Is,* or to save the heroine's father from bankruptcy, as in *The Belovèd Vagabond.* And the fact that the reader accepts their most preposterous actions with equanimity, and even with approval, is Mr. Locke's sufficient justification. The truth is that no one really cares why the Belovèd Vagabond went into exile, why he became a stranger to the life to which he was born, and dropped down to a shiftless, irre-

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sponsible vagabondage. One is satisfied to know that the metamorphosis was accomplished, for without it we never should have had Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot, slovenly and erudite, impecunious and arrogant, disreputable and chivalrous, inherently disreputable and lovable always.

But how is it possible, at second hand, to convey an idea of the pervading charm of a book whose very essence, like its title, involves a paradox—a book which forces us to find delight in the very things which on all logical grounds of tradition and education and habit of thought should be expected to disappoint and repel us. Paragot is not merely a penniless wanderer, he is not merely out-at-elbow, but he has lost much of the rudimentary sense of decency. His hair is a stranger to the barber, his hands are often in need not only of manicuring, but of the more elementary attention of soap and water; his predilection for absinthe makes it a nightly problem whether he can find his way unaided to bed. Nothing less than a *tour de force* could make us not only overlook the shortcomings of such a hero, but love him in spite of them—one might almost say love him the more on account of them. If he were different from what he is, he would cease to be the delightful, inimitable, big-hearted Paragot, sharing his poverty with various stray waifs, male and female, that come his way; accepting contentedly the chance means of earning a meal that are offered from day to day, whether it be fiddling at a village wedding or weeding a market garden or aiding in the excavations of the Roman Forum. And while we follow him on his wanderings throughout the length and breadth of Europe, with his two companions—Asticot, the lad whom he adopts and who chronicles his life for us, and Blanquette de Veau, the phenomenally stupid and unattractive peasant girl, who gives him the dumb devotion of an animal—we lose sight of his failings and see him surrounded by a halo of kindliness and chivalry; in the midst of his present sordidness we think of him in his youth, the eager, handsome lover of the woman he has lost, the woman with the *petit pieds si adorés*. At first we hope vaguely that the shadow will lift, the mystery be cleared away, and Paragot be restored to his rights, his fortune, the woman he loves. But little by little, in proportion as it becomes clearer that this transformation sooner or later is bound to take place, we grow apprehensive for his sake, because the truth is borne in upon us that the change will come too late—that he has grown too accustomed to his vagabondage, too out of touch with the conventions of life ever to find happiness apart from Bohemia, even with the one woman in the world. But our apprehension is misplaced; for when the crisis arises there is just one course for a Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot to pursue, and Mr. Locke with unerring instinct has divined what that one thing would be. Nothing is better in the whole extent of this rare and delightful book than the unexpected and appropriate whimsicality of its climax.

"When the soul laughs, tears come into the eyes," says Paragot; and it is with a mist before the eyes and laughter in the soul that one reads many of the best pages of Mr. William John Locke.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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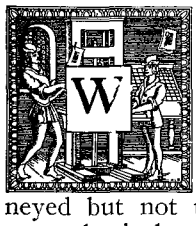
SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

III.—NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON

I



HILE, as a whole, this series of appreciations is planned along strictly impersonal lines, there will be apparent at times certain deviations from this course. It is a hackneyed but not unsound contention that an author's books alone are the proper subjects for general discussion, and that the details of his personal life, his tastes and his aversions, his habits and his circle of intimate friends, are to be passed over as matters which do not concern the reader, although he may regard them with a natural, though not very dignified, curiosity. But there are conditions under which the personal note is not only pardonable, but imperative. It may have a direct bearing upon an author's stories, his characters, his views of life, his methods of work. A certain comprehension of it may be absolutely necessary to a just and intelligent appraisement.

Probably there will be very few of the persons who take up this paper who are not already comparatively familiar with far more than the mere outlines of Booth Tarkington's career. He has been more than seven years in a place of conspicuous literary popularity; his political aspirations and his term in the Indiana legislature have led to the publication of a hundred more or less apocryphal anecdotes of which he has been the hero; during the period when everything has conspired to keep the band of Hoosier authors constantly in the limelight, half as a joke and half as a real literary force, he has been probably the most striking figure. His personal appearance is perfectly well known, for in addition to the number of legitimate portraits which have been published, he has, as an author, pure and simple, been oftener caricatured than any other American novelist, living or dead. And what is of great significance, is that amid all the skits that have been directed against him there has never once, so far as the knowledge of the present writer goes, been perceptible the note of intentional unkindliness. Even envy seems never to have found an excuse for ill nature. And to the qualities in the man himself which have been responsible for this, one must, in a measure, look for the full understanding of his work, its moods and its enthusiasms—and also, perhaps, its weaknesses.

All his life he has been, in a measure, a "great man." Even as a boy in his teens his exuberance of spirits, his spontaneity, and his infectious joy of life caused him to be picked out as one who would go far. At Phillips-Exeter to this day students retail his pranks and his exploits. At Princeton he was regarded as a young "lion" of whom fine things were to be expected, and when he was graduated and went out into the world with the avowed intention of devoting himself to literary work, there were many of his own class and some of maturer years who looked for almost immediate achievement. Perhaps he himself may have shared this hope and this belief. Perhaps it was of himself and of his own disillusionment that he was thinking when he described in *The Gentleman from Indiana* John Harkless occupied with a realisation that "there had been a man in his class whose ambition needed no restraint, his promise was so complete—in the strong belief of the University, a belief he could not help knowing—and that seven years to a day from his Commencement this man was sitting on a fence rail in Indiana. Sitting on a fence rail in Indiana was figuratively just what Tarkington was doing from 1893 until 1899. These years could not have been altogether happy ones. They represented much labour that apparently went for nothing, the disappointment and heartache that goes with repeated rejection, and possibly the growing doubt of his own ability. Then, again, in the eyes of many, the very brightness of the prom-

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ise of a few years before lent a ludicrous aspect to every fresh failure. So much had been predicted and so little had been shown. It is the belief of the present writer that a good part of what Mr. Tarkington wrote during this period was comparatively poor, not intrinsically, but in detail. To use Mr. Kipling's phrase, he had not yet "found himself." At any rate, among certain people he was on the verge of becoming a joke, when the serial publication of *The Gentleman from Indiana* in 1899 gave him instantly a recognised place in the list of Representative American Story Tellers, a place which he has held with no waning popularity to the present day.

II

It is not easy to find a satisfactory order in which to deal with Mr. Tarkington's books. For example, *The Two Vanrevels* was published after he had won his audience through the successes of *The Gentleman from Indiana* and *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Yet the germ of *The Two Vanrevels* was a short story of two thousand words written many years before. In a form anything like that in which it ultimately appeared between covers, *The Gentleman from Indiana* was not begun until 1898. Yet as early as 1893 Mr. Tarkington had written forty thousand words of a tale about a young college graduate who became a country editor in an Indiana town very much like the Plattsville of the story. The early narrative came to an abrupt end when the hero was in the middle of a walk, the author being unable to carry him a step farther. In fact, one part of the story had even an earlier origin. The circus scene, one of the best descriptive chapters of the book, appeared in one of the college publications when the author was still an undergraduate at Princeton. It is only fair to say, however, that when he took up the writing of *The Gentleman from Indiana* in earnest, he discarded nearly all of the original manuscript and made several visits to the real Plattsville in order to refresh his memory. *Monsieur Beaucaire* was first written in 1897. It was sent to a magazine, and duly came back accompanied by one of the conventional rejection slips with which Mr. Tarkington was so familiar in those days. Thereupon he sat down and rewrote it. If we take up his books in the order of their acceptance, the one properly to begin with is *Cherry,* which, however, did not appear in book form until the autumn of 1903.

As a two-part serial *Cherry* had been taken by *Harper's Magazine* at a time when its author was practically unknown. It was taken on its merits as a whimsical and exceedingly well-written tale. Later it was probably regarded in the light of an unhappy selection—perhaps even as an editorial *faux pas*—until the success of the other books brought it quickly out of its obscurity in manuscript or galley-proof form, and led to swift publication with a greatly augmented value. In suggesting this the present writer has in mind no intention of questioning either the quality of the story or the wisdom of the editorial policy which so long withheld it from publication, for *Cherry,* though infinitely better than the average accepted tale of its kind, was in a certain respect the very last story that could stand alone. As the work of an unknown writer it would unquestionably have puzzled and irritated the majority of the readers of any magazine; over the name of an author of conceded reputation, its freshness and buoyancy were apparent to all. Yet at that it is not an easy tale to epitomise. Its characters are shadowy at the best and the story turns on a practical joke.

The story is told by the impossibly priggish Mr. Sudgeberry, nineteen years of age, and finishing his third year of study at Nassau Hall, who being enamoured of Miss Sylvia Gray and her cherry-coloured ribbons, urges his suit by a fine display of the erudition that he has wrung from the literature of the ancients, ignoring the beauties of nature to point out to her the allegory of the lowly cobweb. Although such thick-skulled pedantry as Mr. Sudgeberry shows would be outrageously impossible in real life, it gives to the narration of this whimsical tale an irresistible humour. Miss Sylvia's other suitor is William Fentriss, a fellow-student of

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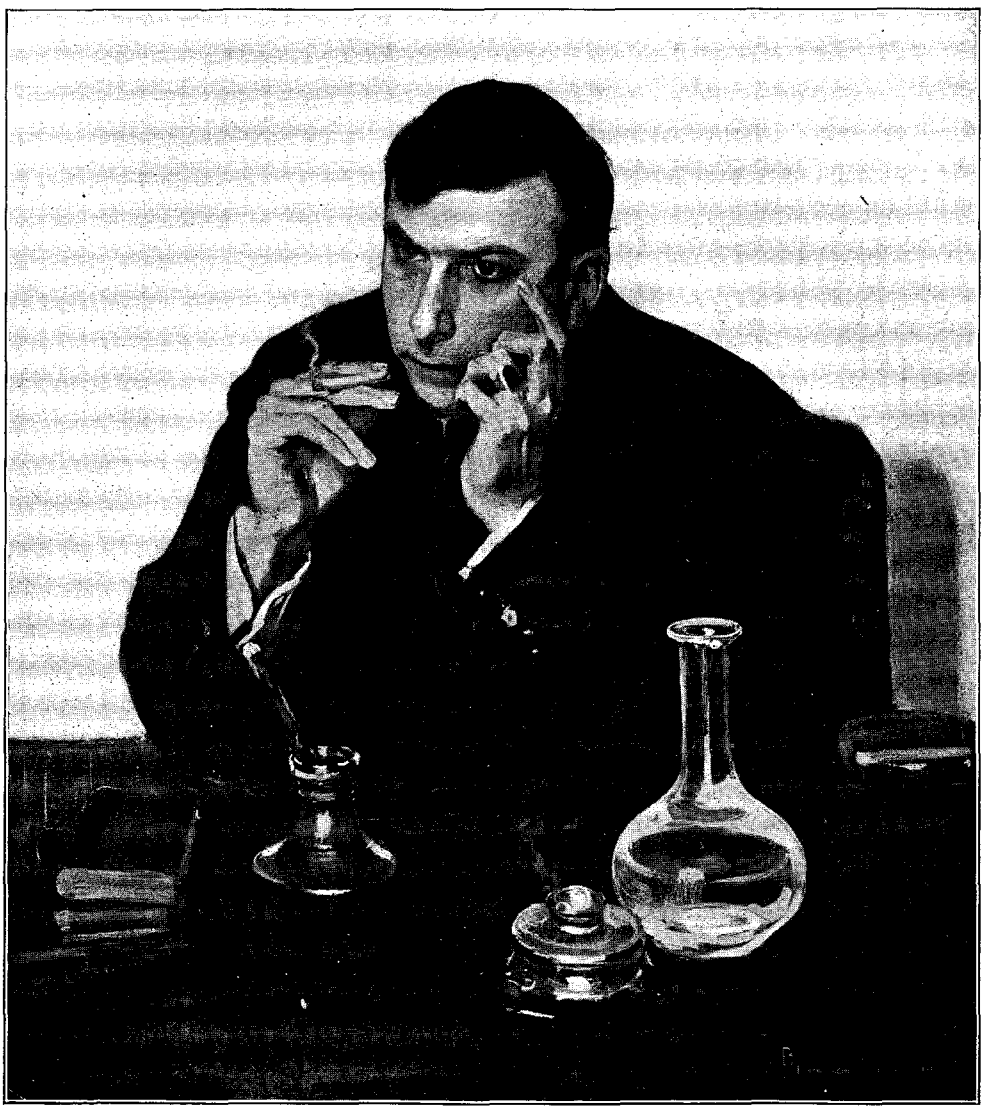
Sudgeberry at Nassau Hall, a rakish blade, fond of fine raiment and hot punch and merry companions. Of course Mr. Sudgeberry cannot possibly see that such a roysterer could possibly be a serious rival for the esteem and regard of a decorous and serious-minded young woman, and when Fentriss, on account of a misunderstood toast, is banished and in disfavour, the Sudgeberry complacence is supreme. A ride over the Delaware, an attack upon the coach in which Miss Sylvia and her father are journeying, by pretended highwaymen, whose purpose is to enable Fentriss to come galloping to the rescue like a hero of the most approved romance, and final confrontations and explanations are the contrivances by which the real state of affairs are forced into Mr. Sudgeberry's dull mind.

The tale was one which on its appear-



NEWTON BOOTH TARKINGTON

From the painting by Blumenschein

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ance did nothing greatly to enhance its author's reputation; but, on the other hand, in no way marred it. Its chief merit was in the manner in which Mr. Tarkington caught and conveyed the spirit of the colonial life of the period and state—the atmosphere of wintry loneliness of the years before the war of the Revolution, when habitations were few and far between, when people journeyed on horseback, and when there was the menace of the men of the road.

III

Of a very different nature was *The Gentleman from Indiana.* This was the first ambitious attempt, the first story planned and carried out on a broad scale, the book which until the appearance of *The Conquest of Canaan* was his only novel in a real sense. As such it was a promise rather than an achievement. In it were evident fine but very uneven descriptive power, deep feeling, and strong dramatic sense—in a word, sheer natural ability. But throughout there was perceptible at every turn that lack of dexterity which had brought the early draft to an abrupt close with the hero in the middle of a walk. Some of the scenes, such as the circus scene, were obviously alien, and the book as a whole, when measured by the standards of literary workmanship, was a book of flaws.

John Harkless had been the most promising man in his class at college (Princeton), the man of whom great things had been prophesied. Yet seven years after his graduation, when the action of the story begins, we find him, disappointed and heartsick, the proprietor and editor of the local newspaper in Plattsville, an exceedingly dreary town in Carlow County, Indiana. Yet he has been, to the best of his ability, a power for good in the community. He has upset the plans of political tricksters and has taken a leading part in bringing to justice the White Caps of a neighbouring community, whose repeated outrages had hitherto gone unpunished. Having built up this formidable array of enemies, he adds to his unpopularity among the agents of evil by exposing a pair of sharpers who have found Plattsville a profitable field for the time-honoured shell game and forcing them to disgorge their winnings. In the face of repeated threats, and occasional shots from ambush, he goes about, unarmed, splendidly and ridiculously indifferent to danger. Enters the inevitable heroine, and of course follows the typical Tarkingtonian love affair, the hero in despair over what he takes—with perfectly preposterous density—to be affection unrequited, whereas to every reader it is perfectly patent that the girl is doing her best to tell him that she loves him. After one of these misunderstandings, Harkless rushes out into the night, the next morning there is no trace of him save a bloody stain near the railroad track, and the rumour runs through the town that the White Caps have "got him" at last. At this point the narrative sweeps on with really splendid dramatic power. The patience of the community has been exhausted, and as one man it rises for vengeance. The court-house bell rings out the call to arms, and to the burden of "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground," the men of Plattsville and the farmers of the surrounding country march out to the Six Cross Roads and wipe it out. But while the flames of the iniquitous settlement are still blazing, the news comes of a mistake. The two shell men routed by Harkless have been found in a neighbouring city, one of them wearing Harkless's hat. The other, in a half dead condition, and unrecognisable beneath his bruises, is identified as one Jimmy the Teller, and taken to a hospital. There he is seen by an old college friend of Harkless, who catches fragments of songs and sentences that come from the delirious lips that cause him to start up with a great cry. The injured man is Harkless himself. The rest of the story is dramatic, but a strain on credulity. During the convalescence of the hero, the heroine, without his knowledge, runs his newspaper with great success, brings to Plattsville an era of unprecedented prosperity, and contrives to have him nominated as a member of Congress. Furious at the apparent disregard of his telegraphed orders to the new editor, and misunderstanding certain veiled political allusions in the paper, Harkless finds

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strength to rise from his hospital bed and to go to Plattsville. There to his amazement he finds awaiting him a triumphant reception, and discovers in the recalcitrant H. Fisbee, whom he has been so bitterly reviling, the girl of his choice, who at last is able to convince him of her love.

IV

Almost simultaneously with *The Gentleman from Indiana* appeared *Monsieur Beaucaire,* a tale much less significant, limited in its scope, and yet as perfect in its presentation as the other was awkward. *Beaucaire* was one of those very occasional bits of fiction which are absolutely *sui generis.* It was light, delicate, and charming; the very breath and essence of romance. Some one has said that it suggested a Watteau picture, and the comparison was a happy one. In a word, it was individual in its year in the same way that *The Prisoner of Zenda* had been in its day, and the analogy goes farther in that both Mr. Tarkington's story and Anthony Hope's show the suggestion of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The scene is laid in Bath, in the eighteenth century. A young Frenchman, calling himself Monsieur Beaucaire and supposed to be a gentleman of wealth and lineage, wins his way into the proudest English society of the place. Soon, however, strange rumours go abroad, and it is whispered that Monsieur Beaucaire is in reality a servant who came to England in the suite of the French ambassador. By Beau Nash—the great Beau Nash—the young Frenchman is rebuffed and bowed out of the pump-room, and after this he lives quietly and obscurely in his own lodgings, where, being a good gamester, he is visited secretly by some of the English noblemen of the gambling set. The story opens with Beaucaire and the Duke of Winterset, a titled blackleg, seated on opposite sides of a card table. The young Frenchman suddenly leans over and pulls a card from his adversary's sleeve. As the price of Beaucaire's silence Winterset consents to introduce him again into the society of the great as the Duc de Chateaurien. Chateaurien loves and woos Lady Mary Carlisle, the greatest beauty of England, and his suit is not unfavourably received. Winterset breaks the agreement and whispers to those about him that Chateaurien is no other than the disgraced Beaucaire, the barber of M. de Mirepois, the French ambassador.

A September night comes when Chateaurien rides out as an escort for Lady Mary's carriage. At a certain part of the road he is attacked by six masked horsemen. He defends himself gallantly, but is finally overpowered, and is about to be whipped in the presence of Lady Mary, when, in answer to his signal, six of his armed lackeys ride in, overturn his assailants and rescue him in the nick of time. Winterset, the instigator of the attack, rides forward and exposes him to Lady Mary. Beaucaire does not deny. Weak from the gaping wound in his side, he watches the woman of his love as he sees her tenderness and gentleness turn to insolent disgust.

A week later there is a great function at Bath. The French ambassador and a French prince of the blood royal have come, and society is congratulating itself that the impostor Chateaurien had been discovered before the arrival of the illustrious visitors. Then in the midst of the rout there comes the news that Beaucaire has obtained an entrance and is at cards in one of the small side rooms. It is there that Lady Mary finds him and gives final utterance to her contempt and abhorrence. To avoid scandal, six gentlemen decide to take him out instead of leaving the matter to the bailiffs. The French ambassador is sent for, utterly to confound the impostor and to brand him as his former servant. Then with all the personages of the tale dramatically grouped, Monsieur de Chateaurien, alias Monsieur Beaucaire, alias the barber Victor, emerges as His Highness Prince Louis-Philippe de Valois, Duke of Orleans, Duke of Chartres, Duke of Nemours, Duke of Montpensier, First Prince of the blood royal, First Peer of France, Lieutenant-General of French Infantry, Governor of Dauphiné, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grand Master of the Order of Notre Dame, of Mount Carmel and of St. Lazarus in Jerusalem, and cousin to his most Christian Majesty Louis the Fifteenth, King of France.

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V

Although in many respects it showed a decided advance in style, and perhaps for that reason was at the time considered by the author to be far and away his best book, *The Two Vanrevels,* which, after running serially, appeared between covers in the autumn of 1902, was unquestionably regarded by the majority of its readers as a disappointment. With the knowledge that the story had originally been planned as a tale of two thousand words, it was not easy to avoid a certain wonder as to whether in expanding it to a narrative of eighty to one hundred thousand a mistake had not been made. As an illustration, it would be impossible to tell the plot of *Beaucaire,* which contained approximately twelve thousand words, in three times the space that is quite sufficient for an outline of *The Two Vanrevels,* a novel of seven or eight times the length. Strictly speaking, there are in *The Two Vanrevels* but four essential characters, Tom Vanrevel and Crailey Gray, Betty Carewe and her irascible father. None of the other figures is absolutely needed. Chenoweth, Trumble, Cummings, Fanchon Bareaud and the rest all help in forming the background; in the *dramatis personæ* they could not be classed at the bottom as "soldiers, citizens, dancing girls, etc."; but there is hardly one for whom the line "captain of the Janissaries," or "magistrate," or "boatswain" would not be adequate.

When, in the days just before the Mexican War, Miss Betty Carewe returned from the convent to the home of her father in Rouen, the law firm of Gray and Vanrevel was composed, in the eyes of old Carewe, of a fool and a knave. For the first characterisation there was perhaps some justification, for Crailey Gray was the town's darling scapegrace, a perpetrator of practical jokes, a lover of cakes and ale, a will-o'-the-wisp in matters of the heart, incorrigibly idle and delightful. But the opinion of Vanrevel was simply the outgrowth of a political enmity, the venom of which had so eaten into the old man's heart that he threatened to shoot Vanrevel in case he ever found him encroaching on his land. Betty Carewe does not share her father's views. From other sources she has derived a truer estimate of Vanrevel, while for the fickleness of Crailey Gray she cherishes only a kindly scorn. Yet all along, owing to a chain of curious circumstances, and the scapegrace's luck as a masquerader, it is Gray whom she mistakes for Vanrevel, a misapprehension which leads to the ultimate tragedy, when Gray, dressed in the uniform which belongs to his partner as major in the regiment just formed for service against Mexico, pays a nightly visit to the grounds forbidden to Vanrevel and is mortally shot down by old Carewe. To this point the narrative has been carried by a series of incidents of undoubted interest, but of questionable necessity. For example, the fire in the warehouse shows good descriptive writing, and serves a purpose, but it is pure forced invention, and any other exciting event would have done as well. Throughout is admirably maintained the quaint and pretty atmosphere of days of long ago, "when men sighed when they fell in love; when people danced by candle and lamp—that mellow long ago when the young were romantic and summer was roses and wine"; but as a whole the narrative leaves an undeniable impression of inadequacy.

VI

For a year or two after writing *The Two Vanrevels* Mr. Tarkington's activities were diverted to the political field, where he found the material for a number of stories, which were collected under the title of *In the Arena.* While these stories showed humour, keen observation and good descriptive power, they were in no way distinctive, and may be passed over with brief mention. Not so *The Beautiful Lady.* This, like *Monsieur Beaucaire,* was a brief little tale, which could be compared with no other, because it did not belong to any distinct line of story which was not mapped out according to any conventional method, but which grew out of some day-dream or fugitive impression.

In the case of *Monsieur Beaucaire* the idea came from glancing over some sketches that had been done for a little magazine that failed. After the failure

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there were two or three sketches left over, and one night Mr. Tarkington was musing over one of them at his desk. It represented a little man in a peruke, sitting disconsolately at a table, while in front of him stood a tall man in a uniform that appeared to be English. The little man looked like a Frenchman and the other was big enough to be a Duke. Around this sketch was written the first draft of *Beaucaire.* The suggestion for *The Beautiful Lady* was much more vivid. It was a midsummer day in Paris when Mr. Tarkington saw a crowd, all laughing, in front of the Café de la Paix. The American bar round the corner was doing no business, patrons had emerged to stare. The object of mirth was the man with the painted head (which might have been the title of the story). He was good looking, well dressed, and immensely unhappy. What could have induced a man of his type to do such a thing?

In the story this pathetic figure becomes one Ansolini, a Neapolitan gentleman of twenty-four, who is obliged to accept this humiliating plight in order to find the money for the education and sustenance of his two little nieces. Amid the mocking laughter of the *boulevardiers* there comes to his ears the soft, pitying voice of the "Beautiful Lady," and straightway there springs into his heart a great and lasting worship. Through the recommendation of an English friend, and his own appearance of maturity, due to his shaven head, he is appointed the tutor and moral guide of a wild but generous American youth of about his own age, who is himself trying to drown in reckless pleasure the memory of the Beautiful Lady whom he has loved so long and with apparently so little chance of success. This youth, Rufus Poor, the son of an American millionaire, has recognised Ansolini as the man with the painted head of the Café de la Paix, and politely regardless of his mentor's admonitions, he pursues the reckless tenor of his ways, until he is touched by the realisation of the Neapolitan's plight. Then the two wander about Europe, and finally Ansolini balks the plans of his rascally half-brother, the Prince Caravacioli, who has spurned him and the two little nieces, and brings about the happiness of his protégée and the "Beautiful Lady."

VII

The Conquest of Canaan, at the present writing the most recent of Mr. Tarkington's books, was one of the half dozen books which stood out last year as the great popular successes of the season. In the mind of the present writer, it should have been not merely one of the successful books of a single year; it should have been absolutely the most successful book of a period of years—and it would have been so if the success of a book were in exact proportion to its qualities of popularity. Let this not be misunderstood. *The Conquest of Canaan* was a very good novel. There have appeared in the last few years many novels that are infinitely better. But not one other novel is there, to the writer's knowledge, with so many elements of all round interest, or so well builded for the purpose of striking every chord of the romantic spirit of the genuinely appreciative, decently educated American man or woman. It is melodrama, of course, but that kind of melodrama which depends not on the threadbare, clap-trap contrivances of convention, but which is fresh, buoyant and unforced, and in which the actors do not strut and rant, but make their points by the use of the subdued language of every-day life. And being exceptional melodrama, its bases, the hero, heroine and villain, are of no ordinary stuff.

Joe Louden, a boy of nineteen, whose home life has been made a drudgery by the marriage of his father with a widow having a son of about Joe's age, incurs the disapprobation of that part of Canaan which considers itself respectable, and finds himself driven for human companionship to the back rooms of saloons and a certain rather disreputable resort known as Beaver Beach. His one genuine friend of a better class is Ariel Tabor, the granddaughter of a poor painter, herself so shabby and shy and *gauche* that the youths who dance with her under compulsion wink mournfully at one another and mop their feverish brows. Canaan is not kind to these two young

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people, and very early in the book both leave it, but under vastly different conditions. Joe caps a series of pranks by one that brings down on him the vengeance of Martin Pike, Canaan's millionaire, a fine old figure of a villain, whose wickedness is made the more effective by the cloak of sanctity and respectability under which he bullies the town into submission. Joe leaves Canaan, and for years the only news of him that is brought to Canaan is that of the venerable Eskew Arp, who, seeing something familiar in the features of the barker before the tent of the "Spotted Wild Boy" at the State Fair, goes nearer and nearer and finally blurts out, "I know you; you're Joe Louden," and is met with the extraordinary reply, "Positively no free seats."

Seven years later Joe returns to Canaan for the purpose of practising law. To his astonishment he finds that the bad name he earned as a boy clings to him still. He holds out his hand to Eskew Arp and is met with a freezing "Positively no free seats"; he is turned away from the National House on the flimsy pretext that there are no vacant rooms; the young men and women whom he knew as a boy cross the street to avoid him; his father greets him with hostile embarrassment; his half-brother genially asks him if he has saved up enough money to starve on. For shelter he is obliged to go to Mike Sheehan and Beaver's Beach; for friends and clients to the poor, the criminal, and the downtrodden. It is thus that his fight begins—the fight that is to end with the conquest of Canaan.

From this point on the drama is distinctively one of situation. The struggle between Louden on the one hand and respectable Canaan, with Martin Pike and his newspaper at its head, on the other, becomes tense. Passive antipathy gives way to active attack. There is one time when Joe is on the verge of weakening; when, heartbroken and almost worn out by his loneliness, he takes another partner to share the rooms occupied by his dog and himself—a brown jug, that was too often emptied and replenished. From this fate he is saved by the return of Ariel Tabor, who, having inherited a fortune, has gone to Paris, and comes back transformed from the shy tomboy of other times into a vision of grace and loveliness that is fatal to the entire male population of Canaan. This is the turning point of the story. Joe achieves triumph after triumph; wins a great lawsuit in the face of overwhelming public opinion; foils Martin Pike in his attempts to defraud Ariel of her fortune; becomes the Mayor of Canaan not merely as the representative of the outcast element, but as the choice of the town's best citizens; and finally, after evincing the usual symptoms of amorous density of the Tarkingtonian hero, comes to the realisation of requited love.

VIII

It is almost an axiom that a novelist will put into each of his heroes some part of himself, his ambition, or his experience. For the purpose of romance he draws upon his enthusiasms and daydreams. If pessimistic realism be his creed, he is only too ready to analyse his basest thoughts and most ignoble motives. But there must always be something of the man himself. Take John Harkless of *The Gentleman from Indiana,* or Crailey Gray of *The Two Vanrevels,* or Joe Louden of *The Conquest of Canaan,* or Rufus Poor of *The Beautiful Lady.* In each of these characters you find much that suggests the personality of the author. Perhaps Harkless is the closest. *The Gentleman from Indiana* was a first novel, and, like so many first novels, was in part autobiographical. But this "hot-eyed young man from the East," who went on the witness stand and swore White Cap after White Cap to the penitentiary, was but one mood. For another you must turn to Crailey Gray, with his wild songs and his mad pranks; for another, to Rufus Poor, who did not fail to carry out his expressed intention of "creating considerable trouble for Paris"; for another to Joe Louden, whom Canaan held in such pious horror.

The composite Tarkington hero, it must be admitted, is not entirely a respectable person. Indeed, by the "unco guid" element of the average small town he would be held in downright suspicion.

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His age is somewhere in the neighbourhood of twenty-eight, and while these years have been far from unfruitful, some of them have unquestionably been sadly misspent. He drinks, not in secret, but openly, before all the world, for the sheer joy of companionship and good cheer, and perhaps with the more abandon because he so seldom has to pay the penalty of the morning after. Kind old ladies like him, though they shake their heads deploringly over his shortcomings. In short, he is regarded as wholly incorrigible, which does not disturb him much or interfere in the least with his good humour, and he is seldom angry—never with human weakness, only in the face of tyranny and intolerance and downright rascality. His demeanour toward the woman of his heart is contradictory—at times dashing and *debonair,* again abashed and humble, when he thinks, with perfect reason, of his own unworthiness.

The stupidity of these heroes appears the more crass in view of the simple candour that is the predominating characteristic of every one of his heroines. In fact, it is that personal directness that in almost every case is brought into play as a last resort. Helen Fisbee, Betty Carewe, and Ariel Tabor do not actually propose, but all of them come rather close to it. Ariel Tabor extends her hands to Joe Louden, bidding him take them instead of the empty gloves; Betty Carewe whispers to the undiscerning Vanrevel that he is the one whom the dying Crailey Gray prophesied was to return to complete her life; Helen Fisbee, finding that conventional encouragement is of no avail, resorts to measures still more direct. Yet never is the reader jarred by the suggestion of boldness. What else was to be done with swains so humble minded and obtuse?

It is meet and right that the composite villain should not only be the absolute opposite of the composite hero, but should be constructed along the lines of the hero's particular prejudices and aversions. There is a tendency among many of our present-day story spinners to dispense with villains or else to endow them with some likable characteristic. Not so Mr. Tarkington. To show how little ready is he to compromise with rascality one need only enumerate the list of his arch scoundrels—the Duke of Winterset in *Monsieur Beaucaire,* Robert Carewe in *The Two Vanrevels,* Prince Caravacioli in *The Beautiful Lady,* and Martin Pike in *The Conquest of Canaan.* The first may be summed up as a card sharp and a cutthroat; the second as a bullying father and a brutal foe; the third as an utterly unscrupulous fortune hunter and blackguard; the fourth as a browbeating, snivelling thief and hypocrite—about as pleasant as would be a combination of Mr. Pecksniff and Jonas Chuzzlewit. In not one can you find the slightest redeeming quality.

IX

Mr. Tarkington is one of the few contemporary story tellers who has succeeded in handling what may be called scenery and weather in a manner to make a definite impression. It is a kind of writing once of great moment, but that now seems to be dying out. In the average light novel, when the author turns from narrative or dialogue to a description of the sunset, or the vast forest, or the "tall Corinthian pillars of the stately old Southern home," or the hazy, distant mountains, it is purely for the sake of a breathing spell and to help round out the book to the conventional length. This sort of padding is harmless, convenient and easy.

If a digression be permitted, it is curious to note how two writers of comparatively equal genius may describe, each with absolute sincerity, the same bit of landscape and yet produce absolutely unequal effects. One of them may spend days toiling over the two or three pages in which he is to describe the spectacle of a storm, seeking and finding every shade and colour, every sound and smell, and turning them into sentences instinct with life and action and beauty, and yet produce a bit of work that will appeal to the reader for but a moment and then be banished forever from his thoughts. The other may write simply one short line, and yet that line shall burn itself into the minds of those who read, so that whenever the scene or the episode comes up in

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memory, the few brief words will be dominant over all. Dickens, in *Martin Chuzzlewit,* devotes several pages to the description of autumn leaves being driven before the wind. It is a wonderful bit of word painting; Taine has quoted it as an example of the poetic qualities of the Great English writer; and still it may be said that one might read over *Martin Chuzzlewit* for the tenth time and yet be utterly unconscious that such a passage had been ever written. On the other hand, probably no one ever read and loved *The History of Henry Esmond* and did not always afterward remember that when Henry went back to Castlewood after his first bitter experience with the great world, and walked by his Lady's side the night of that 29th of December, that "the moon was up and glittering clear in the frosty sky." It is the simplest and briefest touch, almost, one might say, an aside in the course of the narrative, and yet it is just that touch which makes the picture so effective and complete.

In a minor way many of Mr. Tarkington's descriptive passages stand out from the average, some as possessing an exceptional charm and some by reason of their sheer exuberant topsy-turvy exaggeration. There is a great deal of the latter kind in *The Gentleman from Indiana.* For example, the following is particularly far fetched:

A second great flock of blackbirds was settling over the Plattville maples. As they hung in the fair dome of the sky below the few white clouds, it occurred to Harkless that some supping god had inadvertently peppered his custard and now inverted and emptied his gigantic blue dish upon the earth, the innumerable little black dots seeming to pause for a moment, then floating slowly down from the heights.

On the other hand, here is an exceedingly simple and effective passage from *Monsieur Beaucaire:*

There fell a clear September night when the moon was radiant over town and country, over cobbled streets and winding roads. From the fields the mist rose slowly, and the air was mild and fragrant, while distances were white and full of mystery. All of Bath that pretended to fashion or condition was present that evening at the house of a country gentleman of the neighbourhood. When the stately junket was concluded, it was the pleasure of M. de Chateaurien to form one of the escort of Lady Mary's carriage for the return.

X

Perhaps no light story of the past ten years offers a better example of dramatic situation than the end of *Monsieur Beaucaire,* when the discredited young Frenchman emerges to the huge discomfiture of his English enemies, in all the glory of a dozen great names. While at times Mr. Tarkington's narratives may lag, he is seldom found wanting when the action becomes swiftest and the interest most tense. As an illustration, how simple, how reasonable, and how convincing is the following description, from *The Gentleman from Indiana,* of how the news goes about that the "White Caps" have got Harkless:

Suddenly out of the stillness there came the sound of a horse galloping over a wet road. He was coming like mad. Some one for a doctor? No; the hoof-beats grew louder, coming out from the town, coming this way, coming faster and faster, coming *here.* There was a plashing and trampling in front of the house and a sharp "Whoa!" In the dim grey of first dawn she made out a man on a foam-flecked horse. He drew up at the gate.

A window to the right of hers went screeching up. She heard the judge clear his throat before he spoke.

"What is it? That's you, isn't it, Wiley? What is it?" He took a good deal of time and coughed between the sentences. His voice was more than ordinarily quiet, and it sounded husky. "What is it, Wiley?"

"Judge, what time did Mr. Harkless leave here last night and which way did he go?"

There was a silence. The judge turned away from the window. Minnie was standing just outside his door. "It must have been about half-past nine, wasn't it, father?" she called in a shaking voice. "And, you know, Helen thought he went west."

"Wiley!" The old man leaned from the sill again.

"Yes!" answered the man on horseback.

"Wiley, he left about half-past nine—just before the storm. They think he went west."

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"Much obliged. Willetts is so upset he isn't sure of anything."

"Wiley!" The old man's voice shook; Minnie began to cry aloud. The horseman wheeled about and turned his animal's head toward town. "Wiley!"

"Yes."

"Wiley, they haven't—you don't think they've got him?"

"By God, judge," said the man on horseback, "I'm afraid they have!"

Where could a dramatist turn to find better material for a third act than that chapter in *The Conquest of Canaan,* in which Joe Louden is told that he is to be a candidate for mayor and begins to learn something of the infamy of his arch enemy, Martin Pike:

"But the other people," Joe objected, "those outside of what is called the saloon element—do you understand how many of them will be against me?"

"It iss der tsaloon element," Mr. Farbach returned, peacefully, "dot does der fightin'."

"And you have considered my standing with that part of Canaan which considers itself the most respectable section?" He rose to his feet, standing straight and quiet, facing the table, upon which, it chanced, there lay a copy of the *Tocsin.*

"Und yet," observed Mr. Farbach, with mildness, "we got some pooty risbecdable men right here."

"Except me," broke in Mr. Sheehan, grimly, "you have."

"Have you thought of this?" Joe leaned forward and touched the paper upon the table.

"We hef," replied Mr. Farbach. "All of us. You shall beat it."

There was a strong chorus of confirmation from the others, and Joe's eyes flashed.

"Have you considered," he continued rapidly, while a warm colour began to conquer his pallor—"have you considered the powerful influence which will be against me, and more against me now, I should tell you, than ever before? That influence, I mean, which is striving so hard to discredit me that lynch-law has been hinted for poor Fear if I should clear him! Have you thought of that? Have you thought——"

"Have we thought o' Martin Pike?" exclaimed Mr. Sheehan, springing to his feet, face aflame and beard bristling. "Ay, we've thought o' Martin Pike, and our thinkin' of him is where he begins to git what's comin' to him! What d'ye stand there pickin' straws fer? What's the matter with ye?" he demanded angrily, his violence tenfold increased by the long repression he had put upon himself during the brewer's deliberate utterances. "If Louie Farbach and his crowd says they're fer ye, I guess ye've got a chanst, haven't ye?"

"Wait," said Joe. "I think you underestimate Pike's influence——"

"Underestimate the devil!" shouted Mr. Sheehan, uncontrollably excited. "You talk about influence! He's been the worst influence this town's ever had—and his tracks covered up in the dark wherever he set his ugly foot down. These men know it, and you know some, but not the worst of it, because none of ye live as deep down in it as I do! Ye want to make a clean town of it, ye want to make a little heaven of the Beach——"

"And in the eyes of Judge Pike," Joe cut him off, "and of all who take their opinions from him, I *represent* Beaver Beach!"

Mike Sheehan gave a wild shout. "Whooroo! It's come! I knowed it would! The day I couldn't hold my tongue, though I passed my word I would when the coward showed the deed he didn't dare to git recorded! Waugh!" He shouted again, with bitter laughter. "Ye do! In the eyes o' them as follow Martin Pike ye stand fer the Beach and all its wickedness, do ye? Whooroo! It's come! Ye're an offence in the eyes o' Martin Pike and all his kind because ye stand fer the Beach, are ye?"

"You know it!" Joe answered sharply. "If they could wipe the Beach off the map and me with it——"

"Martin Pike would?" shouted Mr. Sheehan, while the others, open-mouthed, stared at him. "Martin Pike would?"

"I don't need to tell you that," said Joe.

Mr. Sheehan's big fist rose high over the table and descended crashing upon it. "It's a damn lie!" he roared. "Martin Pike owns Beaver Beach!"

XI

From the first his humour has been conceded by those who otherwise have been his most captious and unsympathetic critics. It is always unforced and yet it is always hard to classify and define. Very often it is the humour of the club

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raconteur, and as is so often the case with this kind of humour, it attains its highest effect when voiced in a whimsical, foreign, strange-sounding English. Mr. Tarkington is one of the few men writing to-day who is genuinely happy in the use of dialect. It is to this that is owed much of the charm of *Monsieur Beaucaire.* That story invariably leaves the impression of being in many respects humorous, and yet analysis shows that this lies almost entirely in the method of presentation. In *The Beautiful Lady* the original humour of Rufus Poor is magnified by the mystification of Ansolini and the childlike delight with which he grapples with what he conceives to be the intricacies of the North American idiom. Another character, whose quaint mispronunciation of the language is a source of unfailing delight, is Louie Farbach of *The Conquest of Canaan,* who, when acting as spokesman for those influences that have decided upon Joe Louden as their candidate for mayor, genially tempers his championship of a clean and impartial administration, in which no faction of the saloon element would be given an unfair advantage by the candid reflection: "Also, my trade iss larchly owitside off Canaan."

Of even more robust quality is his humour of characterisation, which, perhaps, is seen at its best in the opening chapter of *The Conquest of Canaan,* where the venerable sages of the city gather in the office of the National House to bicker peevishly with one another and to comment pessimistically upon the general wickedness of mankind. Squire Buckalew, Eskew Arp—embittered by many years of explanations that the Eskew did not indicate his initials—Jonas Tabor, Colonel Fletcraft—the very names are a source of positive delight. That first chapter is a decided achievement; in a sense, it is the ballast that holds down the occasional flights into melodrama in the chapters that follow. Allusion has already been made to Joe Louden's retort to Eskew Arp's assertion of recognition. That "positively no free seats" is distinctively Tarkingtonian.

His humour and pathos are very close to each other. Often they are merely two interpretations of the same character. Under the gaiety of the masquerading Beaucaire is the note of weary sadness. The assumption of lightheartedness on the part of the poor gentleman Ansolini never quite hides the tingling shame and heartache beneath. The very qualities in Eskew Arp which provoke our laughter make more poignant and touching his death.

XII

Of the twelve or fifteen American story-tellers who occupy conspicuous positions through repeated successes, and not on account of one much acclaimed or much abused book, Mr. Tarkington is one of the four or five who are still under forty years of age. In addition, with each successive novel, he has broken into a comparatively new field, and while in *The Gentleman from Indiana, The Two Vanrevels* and *The Conquest of Canaan,* he dealt mainly with Indiana scenes and people; for *Cherry* he turned to New Jersey and colonial days, for *Monsieur Beaucaire* to eighteenth-century Bath, and for *The Beautiful Lady* to Paris, Switzerland and Italy. In consequence, it would be sheer futility to attempt to forecast in any way his work in the future. There has been much in his experience of which no use has as yet been made in his writings. Essentially a club man in the broadest and truest sense of the term, he has never yet drawn a real club type. With a wide knowledge of the men and women of the theatre, of the people who write books or draw, or paint, he has never introduced into one of his books, in the full sense as a major character, a player, a painter or a man or woman of letters. Perhaps this has been because of a certain doubting reticence; a fear that these persons are not adapted to his particular vein of story-telling; perhaps they are to be the heroes and heroines of the stories that are to come. Of these stories nothing can be said now. It is the personal conviction of the present writer that they will be found worth while.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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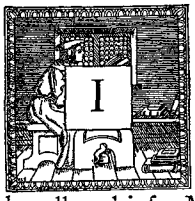
CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

V.—THE BLASTED OAK



I HAD quarrelled with Lisbeth; had quarrelled beyond all hope of redemption and forgiveness, desperately, irrevocably, and it had all come about through a handkerchief—Mr. Selwyn's handkerchief.

At a casual glance this may appear all very absurd, not to say petty, but then I have frequently noticed that insignificant things very often serve for the foundation of great; and incidentally quite a surprising number of lives have been ruined by a handkerchief.

The circumstances were briefly these: In the first place, I had received the following letter from the duchess, which had perturbed me not a little:

MY DEAR DICK: I hear that that Agatha Warburton creature has written threatening to cut off our dear Lisbeth with the proverbial shilling unless she complies with her wish and marries Mr. Selwyn within the year. Did you ever know of anything so disgusting?

If I were Lisbeth, and possessed such a "creature" for an aunt, I'd see her in Timbuctoo first—I would! But then, I forget the poor child has nothing in the world, and you little more, and "love in a cottage" is all very well, Dick, up to a certain time. Of course, it is all right in novels, but you are neither of you in a novel, and that is the worst of it. If Providence had seen fit to make me Lisbeth's aunt, now, things might have been very different; but alas! it was not to be. Under the circumstances, the best thing you can do, for her sake and your own, is to turn your back upon Arcadia and try to forget it all as soon as possible in the swirl of London and everyday life.

Yours,

CHARLOTTE C.

P.S. Of course, "Romance" is dead ages and ages ago; still, it really would be nice if you could manage to run off with her some fine night!

Thus the fiat had gone forth, the time of waiting was accomplished; to-day Lisbeth must choose between Selwyn and *myself*.

This thought was in my mind as I strode along the river path, filling me with that strange exhilaration which comes, I suppose, to most of us when we face some climax in our lives.

But now the great question, How would she decide? leaped up and began to haunt me. Because a woman smiles upon a man, he is surely a most prodigious fool to flatter himself that she loves him, therefore. How would she decide? Nay, indeed; what choice had she between affluence and penury? Selwyn was wealthy and favoured by her aunt, Lady Warburton, while as for me, my case was altogether the reverse. And now I called to mind how Lisbeth had always avoided coming to any understanding with me, putting me off on one pretence or another, but always with infinite tact. So Fear came to me, and Doubt began to rear its head; my step grew slower and slower, till, reaching the shrubbery gate, I leaned there in doubt whether to proceed or not. Summoning up my resolution, however, I went on, turning in the direction of the orchard, where I knew she often sat of a morning to read or make a pretence of sewing.

I had gone but a little way when I caught sight of two distant figures walking slowly across the lawn, and recognised Lisbeth and Mr. Selwyn.

The sight of him here and at such a time was decidedly unpleasant, and I hurried on, wondering what could have brought him so early.

Beneath Lisbeth's favourite tree, an ancient apple-tree so gnarled and rugged that it seemed to have spent all its days tying itself into all manner of impossible knots—in the shade of this tree, I say, there was a rustic seat and table, upon which was a work-basket, a book, and a

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handkerchief. It was a large, decidedly masculine handkerchief, and as my eyes encountered it, by some unfortunate chance I noticed a monogram embroidered in one corner—an extremely neat, precise monogram, with the letters F. S. I recognised it at once as the property of Mr. Selwyn.

Ordinarily I should have thought nothing of it, but to-day it was different; for there are times in one's life when the most foolish things become pregnant of infinite possibilities; when the veriest trifles assume overwhelming proportions, filling and blotting out the universe.

So it was now, and as I stared down at the handkerchief, the Doubt within me grew suddenly into Certainty.

I was pacing restlessly up and down when I saw Lisbeth approaching; her cheeks seemed more flushed than usual, and her hand trembled as she gave it to me.

"Why, whatever is the matter with you?" she said; "you look so—so strange, Dick."

"I received a letter from the duchess this morning."

"Did you?"

"Yes; in which she tells me your aunt has threatened to——"

"Cut me off with a shilling," nodded Lisbeth, crossing over to the table.

"Yes," I said again.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Dick, stop tramping up and down like a—a caged bear, and sit down—do!"

I obeyed; yet as I did so I saw her with the tail of my eye whip up the handkerchief and tuck it beneath the laces at her bosom.

"Lisbeth," said I, without turning my head, "why hide it there?"

Her face flushed painfully, her lips quivered, and for a moment she could find no answer; then she tried to laugh it off.

"Because I—I wanted to, I suppose!"

"Obviously!" I retorted, and rising, bowed and turned to go.

"Stay a moment, Dick. I have something to tell you."

"Thank you; but I think I can guess."

"Do you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Aren't you just a little bit theatrical, Dick?" Now, as she spoke she drew out Selwyn's handkerchief and began to tie and untie knots in it.

"Dick," she went on—and now she was tracing out Selwyn's monogram with her finger—"you tell me you know that Aunt Agatha has threatened to disinherit me; can you realise what that would mean to me, I wonder?"

"Only in some small part," I answered bitterly; "but it would be awful for you, of course—good-bye to society and all the rest of it—no more ball gowns or hats and things from Paris, and——"

"And bearing all this in mind," she put in, "and knowing me as you do, perhaps you can make another guess and tell me what I am likely to do under these circumstances?"

Now, had I been anything but a preposterous ass, my answer would have been different; but then I was not myself, and I could not help noticing how tenderly her finger traced out those two letters F. S., so I laughed rather brutally and answered:

"Follow the instinct of your sex and stick to the Paris hats and things."

I heard her breath catch, and turning away, she began to flutter the pages of the book upon the table.

"And you were always so clever at guessing, weren't you?" she said after a moment, keeping her face averted.

"At least, it has saved your explaining the situation, and you should be thankful for that."

The book slipped suddenly to the ground and lay, all unheeded, and she began to laugh in a strange, high key. Wondering, I took a step toward her; but as I did so she fled from me, running toward the house, never stopping or slackening speed, until I had lost sight of her altogether.

Thus the whole miserable business had befallen, dazing me by its very suddenness like a "bolt from the blue." I had returned to the "Three Jolly Anglers," determined to follow the advice of the duchess and return to London by the next train. Yet, after passing a sleepless night, here I was sitting in my old place beneath the alders pretending to fish.

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The river was laughing among the reeds just as merrily as ever, bees hummed and butterflies wheeled and hovered—life and the world were very fair. Yet for once I was blind to it all; moreover, my pipe refused to "draw"—pieces of grass, twigs, and my penknife were alike unavailing.

So I sat there, brooding upon the fickleness of womankind, as many another has done before me, and many will doubtless do after, alack!

And the sum of my thoughts was this: Lisbeth had deceived me; the hour of trial had found her weak; my idol was only common clay, after all. And yet she had but preferred wealth to comparative poverty, which surely, according to all the rules of common sense, had shown her possessed of a wisdom beyond her years. And who was I to sit and grieve over it? Under the same circumstances, ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have chosen precisely the same course; but then to me Lisbeth had always seemed the one exempt—the hundredth woman; moreover, there be times when love, unreasoning and illogical, is infinitely more beautiful than this much-vaunted common sense.

This and much more was in my mind as I sat fumbling with my useless pipe and staring with unseeing eyes at the flow of the river. My thoughts, however, were presently interrupted by something soft rubbing against me, and looking down, I beheld Dorothy's fluffy kitten Louise. Upon my attempting to pick her up, she bounded from me in that remarkable sideways fashion peculiar to her kind and stood regarding me from a distance, her tail straight up in the air and her mouth opening and shutting without a sound. At length, having given vent to a very feeble attempt at a mew, she ziz-zagged to me, and climbing upon my knee, immediately fell into a purring slumber.

"Hallo, Uncle Dick!—I mean, what ho, Little John!" cried a voice, and looking over my shoulder, carefully so as not to disturb the balance of "Louise," I beheld the Imp. It needed but a glance at the bow in his hand, the three arrows in his belt, and the feather in his cap to tell me who he was for the time being.

"How now, Robin?" I inquired.

"I'm a bitter, disappointed man, Uncle Dick!" he answered, putting up a hand to feel if his feather was in place.

"Are you?"

"Yes; the book says that Robin Hood was 'bitter an' disappointed,' an' so am I!"

"Why, how's that?"

The Imp folded his arms and regarded me with a terrific frown.

"It's all the fault of my Auntie Lisbeth!" he said in a tragic voice.

"Sit down, my Imp, and tell me all about it."

"Well," he began, laying aside his 'trusty sword,' and seating himself at my elbow, "she got awfull' angry with me yesterday, awfull' angry indeed, an' she wouldn't play with me or anything; an' when I tried to be friends with her an' asked her to pretend she was a hippopotamus, 'cause I was a mighty hunter, you know, she just said, 'Reginald, go away an' don't bother me!'"

"You surprise me, Imp!"

"But that's not the worst of it," he continued, shaking his head gloomily; "she didn't come to 'tuck me up,' an' kiss me *good-night like she always does.* I lay awake hours an' hours waiting for her, you know; but she never came, an' so I've left her!"

"Left her!" I repeated.

"For ever an' ever!" he said, nodding a stern brow. "I 'specks she'll be awfull' sorry some day!"

"But where shall you go to?"

"I'm thinking of Persia!" he said darkly.

"Oh?"

"It's nice an' far, you know, an' I might meet Aladdin with the wonderful lamp."

"Alas, Imp, I fear not," I answered, shaking my head; "and besides, it will take a long, long time to get there, and where shall you sleep at night?"

The Imp frowned harder than ever, staring straight before him as one who wrestles with some mighty problem, then his brow cleared and he spoke in this wise:

"Henceforth, Uncle Dick, my roof shall be the broad expanse of heaven, an'—an'—wait a minute!" he broke off, and lugging something from his pocket,

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disclosed a tattered, paper-covered volume (the Imp's books are always tattered), and hastily turning the pages, paused at a certain paragraph and read as follows:

"'Henceforth my roof shall be the broad expanse of heaven, an' all tyrants shall learn to tremble at my name!' Doesn't that sound fine, Uncle Dick? I tried to get Ben—you know, the gardener's boy—to come an' live in the 'greenwood' with me a bit an' help to make 'tyrants' tremble, but he said he was 'fraid his mother might find him some day, an' he wouldn't, so I'm going to make them tremble all by myself, unless you will come an' be Little John, like you were once before—oh, do!"

Before I could answer, hearing footsteps, I looked round, and my heart leaped, for there was Lisbeth coming down the path.

Her head was drooping and she walked with a listless air. Now, as I watched I forgot everything but that she looked sad, and troubled, and more beautiful than ever, and that I loved her. Instinctively I rose, lifting my cap. She started, and for the fraction of a second her eyes looked into mine, then she passed serenely on her way. I might have been a stick or stone for all the further notice she bestowed.

Side by side, the Imp and I watched her go, until the last gleam of her white skirt had vanished amid the green. Then he folded his arms and turned to me.

"So be it!" he said, with an air of stern finality; "an' now, what is a 'blasted oak,' please?"

"A blasted oak!" I repeated.

"If you please, Uncle Dick."

"Well, it's an oak-tree that has been struck by lightning."

"Like the one with the 'stickie-out' branches, where I once hid Auntie Lis—her stockings?"

I nodded, and sitting down, began to pack up my fishing rod and things.

"I'm glad of that," pursued the Imp thoughtfully. "Robin Hood was always saying to somebody, 'Hie thee to the blasted oak at midnight!' an' it's nice to have one handy, you know."

I thought that under certain circumstances, and with a piece of rope, it would be very much so, "blasted" or otherwise, but I only said, "Yes" and sighed.

"'Whence that doleful visage,' Uncle Dick—I mean Little-John? Is auntie angry with you, too?"

"Yes," I answered, and sighed again.

"Oh!" said the Imp, staring, "an' do you feel like—like—wait a minute"—and once more he drew out and consulted the tattered volume—"'do you feel like hanging yourself in your sword-belt to the arm of yonder tree?'" he asked eagerly, with his finger upon a certain paragraph.

"Very like it, my Imp."

"Or—or 'hurling yourself from the topmost pinnacle of yon lofty crag?'"

"Yes, Imp; the 'loftier' the better!"

"Then you must be in love, like Alan-a-Dale; he was going to hang himself, an' 'hurl himself off the topmost pinnacle,' you know, only Robin Hood said, 'Whence that doleful visage,' an' stopped him—you remember?"

"To be sure," I nodded.

"An' so you are really in love with my Auntie Lis—her, are you?"

"Yes."

"Is that why she's angry with you?"

"Probably."

The Imp was silent, apparently plunged once more in a profound meditation.

"'Fraid there's something wrong with her," he said at last, shaking his head; "she's always getting angry with everybody 'bout something—you an' me an' Mr. Selwyn——"

"Mr. Selwyn!" I exclaimed. "Imp, what do you mean?"

"Well, she got cross with me first—an' over such a little thing, too! We were in the orchard, an' I spilt some lemonade on her gown—only about half a glass, you know, an' when she went to wipe it off she hadn't a handkerchief, an' 'course I had none. So she told me to fetch one, an' I was just going when Mr. Selwyn came, so I said, 'Would he lend Auntie Lisbeth his handkerchief, 'cause she wanted one to wipe her dress?' an' he said, 'Delighted!' Then auntie frowned at me an' shook her head when he wasn't looking. But Mr. Selwyn took out his handkerchief, an' got down on his knees, an' began to wipe off the lemonade, telling her something 'bout his

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'heart,' an' wishing he could kneel at her feet forever!' Auntie got awfull' red, an' told him to stand up, but he wouldn't; an' then she looked at me so awfull' cross that I thought I'd better leave, so while she was saying, 'Rise, Mr. Selwyn—do!' I ran away, only I could tell she was awfull' angry with Mr. Selwyn—an' that's all!"

I rose to my knees and caught the Imp by the shoulders.

"Imp," I cried, "are you sure—quite sure that she was angry with Mr. Selwyn yesterday morning?"

" 'Course I am. I always know when Auntie Lisbeth's angry. An' now let's go an' play at 'Blasted Oaks.' "

"Anything you like, Imp, so long as we find her."

"You're forgetting your fishing rod an'——"

"Fishing rod be—blowed!" I exclaimed, and set off hurriedly in the direction Lisbeth had taken.

The Imp trotted beside me, stumbling frequently over his "trusty sword" and issuing numberless commands in a hoarse, fierce voice to an imaginary "band of outlaws." As for me, I strode on unheeding, for my mind was filled with a fast-growing suspicion that I had judged Lisbeth like a hasty fool.

In this manner we scoured the neighbourhood very thoroughly, but with no success. However, we continued our search with unabated ardour—along the river path to the water stairs and from thence by way of the gardens to the orchard; but not a sign of Lisbeth. The shrubbery and paddock yielded a like result, and having interrogated Peter in the harness-room, he informed us that "Miss Helezabeth was hout along with Miss Dorothy."

At last, after more than an hour of this sort of thing, even the Imp grew discouraged and suggested "turning pirates."

Our wanderings had led by devious paths, and now, as luck would have it, we found ourselves beneath "the blasted oak."

We sat down very solemnly side by side, and for a long time there was silence.

"It's fine to make 'tyrants tremble,' isn't it, Uncle Dick?" said the Imp at last.

"Assuredly," I nodded.

"But I should have liked to kiss Auntie Lisbeth good-bye first, an' Dorothy, an' Louise——"

"What do you mean, my Imp?"

"Oh, you know, Uncle Dick! 'My roof henceforth shall be the broad expanse.' I'm going to fight giants an'—an' all sorts of cads, you know. An' then, if ever I get to Persia an' do find the wonderful lamp, I can wish everything all right again, an' we should all be 'happy ever after'—you an' Auntie Lisbeth an' Dorothy an' me; an' we could live in a palace with slaves. Oh, it would be fine!"

"Yes, it's an excellent idea, Imp, but on the whole slightly risky, because it's just possible that you might never find the lamp; besides, you'll have to stop here, after all, because, you see, I'm going away myself."

"Then let's go away together, Uncle Dick, do?"

"Impossible, my Imp; who will look after your Auntie Lisbeth and Dorothy and Louise?"

"I forgot that," he answered ruefully.

"And they need a deal of taking care of," I added.

" 'Fraid they do," he nodded; "but there's Peter," he suggested, brightening.

"Peter certainly knows how to look after horses, but that is not quite the same. Lend me your 'trusty sword.' "

He rose, and drawing it from his belt, handed it to me with a flourish.

"You remember in the old times, Imp, when knights rode out to battle, it was customary for them when they made a solemn promise to kiss the cross-hilt of their swords, just to show they meant to keep it. So now I ask you to go back to your Auntie Lisbeth, to take care of her, to shield and guard her from all things evil, and never to forget that you are her loyal and true knight; and now kiss your sword in token, will you?" and I passed back the weapon.

"Yes," he answered, with glistening eyes, "I will, on my honour, so help me Sam!" and he kissed the sword.

"Good!" I exclaimed; "thank you, Imp."

"But are you really going away?" he

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inquired, looking at me with a troubled face.

"Yes!"

"Must you go?"

"Yes."

"Will you promise to come back some day—soon?"

"Yes, I promise."

"On your honour?"

"On my honour!" I repeated, and in my turn I obediently kissed his extended sword-hilt.

"Are you going to-night, Uncle Dick?"

"I start very early in the morning, so you see we had better say 'good-bye' now, my Imp."

"Oh!" he said, and stared away down the river. Now, in the buttonhole of my coat there hung a fading rosebud which Lisbeth had given me two days ago, and acting on impulse, I took it out.

"Imp," I said, "when you get back, I want you to give this to your Auntie Lisbeth and say—er—never mind, just give it to her, will you?"

"Yes, Uncle Dick," he said, taking it from me, but keeping his face turned away.

"And now good-bye, Imp!"

"Good-bye!" he answered, still without looking at me.

"Won't you shake hands?"

He thrust out a grimy little palm, and as I clasped it I saw a big tear roll down his cheek.

"You'll come back soon—very soon—Uncle Dick?"

"Yes, I'll come back, my Imp."

"So—help you—Sam?"

"So help me Sam!"

And thus it was we parted, the Imp and I, beneath the "blasted oak," and I know my heart was strangely heavy as I turned away and left him.

After I had gone some distance I paused to look back. He still stood where I had left him, but his face was hidden in his arms as he leaned sobbing against the twisted trunk of the great tree.

All the way to the "Three Jolly Anglers," and during the rest of the evening, the thought of the little desolate figure haunted me, so much so that, having sent away my dinner untasted, I took pen and ink and wrote him a letter, enclosing with it my penknife, which I had often seen him regard with "the eye of desire," despite the blade he had broken upon a certain memorable occasion. This done, I became possessed of a desire to send some message to Lisbeth also—just a few brief words which should yet reveal to her something of the thoughts I bore her ere I passed out of her life forever.

For over an hour I sat there, chewing the stem of my useless pipe and racking my brain, but the "few brief words" obstinately refused to come.

Nine o'clock chimed mournfully from the Norman tower of the church hard by, yet still my pen was idle and the paper before me blank; also I became conscious of a tapping somewhere close at hand, now stopping, now beginning again, whose wearisome iteration so irritated my fractious nerves that I flung down my pen and rose.

The noise seemed to come from the vicinity of the window. Crossing to it, therefore, I flung the casement suddenly open, and found himself staring into a round face, in which were set two very round eyes and a button of a nose, the whole surmounted by a shock of red hair.

"'Allo, Mr. Uncle Dick!"

It needed but this and a second glance at the round face to assure me that it pertained to Ben, the gardener's boy.

"What, my noble Benjamin?" I exclaimed.

"No, it's me!" answered the redoubtable Ben. "'E said I was to give you this an' tell you, 'Life an' death!'" As he spoke he held out a roll of paper tied about the middle with a boot lace; which done, the round head grinned, nodded, and disappeared from my ken. Unwinding the boot lace, I spread out the paper and read the following words, scrawled in pencil:

Hi the to the Blarsted Oke and all will be forgiven. Come back to your luving frends and bigones shall be bigones. Look to the hole in the trunk there of.

Sined,

Robin, Outlaw and Knight.

P.S. I mean where i hid her stockings—you no.

I stood for some time with this truly

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mysterious document in my hand, in two minds what to do about it; if I went, the chances were that I should run against the Imp, and there would be a second leave-taking, which in my present mood I had small taste for. On the other hand, there was a possibility that something might have transpired which I should do well to know.

And yet what more could transpire? Lisbeth had made her choice, my dream was over, to-morrow I should return to London—and there was an end of it all; still——

In this pitiful state of vacillation I remained for some time, but in the end curiosity and a fugitive hope gained the day, and taking my cap, I sallied forth.

It was, as Stevenson would say, "a wonderful night of stars," and the air was full of their soft, quivering light, for the moon was late and had not risen as yet. As I stepped from the inn door, somebody in the taproom struck up "Tom Bowling" in a rough but not unmusical voice; and the plaintive melody seemed somehow to become part of the night.

Truly, my feet trod a path of "faerie," carpeted with soft mosses, a path winding along beside a river of shadows on whose dark tide stars were floating. I walked slowly, breathing the fragrance of the night and watching the great, silver moon creeping slowly up the spangled sky. So I presently came to the "blasted oak." The hole in the trunk needed little searching for. I remembered it well enough, and thrusting in my hand, drew out a folded paper. Holding this close to my eyes, I managed with no little difficulty to decipher this message:

Don't go unkel dick bekors Auntie lisbeth wants you and i want you to. I heard her say so to herself in the libree and she was crying to, and didn't see me there but i was. And she said O Dick i want you so, out loud bekors she didn't no I was there. And i no she was crying bekors i saw the tiers. And this is true on my onner so help me sam.

Sined,
Yore true frend and Knight,
REGINALD AUGUSTUS.

A revulsion of feeling swept over me as I read. Ah! if only I could believe she had said such words—my beautiful, proud Lisbeth.

Alas! dear Imp, how was it possible to believe you? And because I knew it could not possibly be true, and because I would have given my life to know that it *was* true, I began to read the note all over again.

Suddenly I started and looked round; surely that was a sob! But the moon's level rays served only to show the utter loneliness about me. It was imagination, of course, and yet it had sounded very real.

And she said, "O Dick, I want you so!"

The river lapped softly against the bank, and somewhere above my head the leaves rustled dismally.

"Dear little Imp, if it were only true!"

Once again the sound came to me, low and restrained, but a sob unmistakably.

On the other side of the giant tree I beheld a figure half sitting, half lying. The shadow was deep here, but as I stooped the kindly moon sent down a shaft of silver light, and I saw a lovely, startled face, with great, tear-dimmed eyes.

"Lisbeth!" I exclaimed; then, prompted by a sudden thought, I glanced hastily around.

"I am alone," she said, interpreting my thought aright.

"But—here—and—and at such an hour!" I stammered foolishly. She seemed to be upon her feet in one movement, fronting me with flashing eyes.

"I came to look for the Imp. I found this on his pillow. Perhaps you will explain?" and she handed me a crumpled paper.

DEAR AUNTIE LISBATH: (I read) Unkel dick is going away bekors he is in luv with you and you are angry with him and I can't sleep so i am going to the Blarsted oke, where I hid yore stokkings if you want to kiss me and be kind to me again, come to me bekors I want someboddie to be nice to me now he is gone.

yore luving sorry IMP.

P.S. He said he would like to hang himself in his sword-belt to the arm of yonder tree and hurl himself from yon topmost pinnakel, so I no he is in luv with you.

"Oh, blessed Imp!"

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"And now where is he?" she demanded.

"Lisbeth, I don't know."

"You don't know! Then why are you here?"

For answer I held out the letter I had found, and watched while she read the words I could not believe.

Her hat was off, and the moon made wonderful lights in the coils of her black hair. She was wearing an indoor gown of some thin material that clung, boldly revealing the gracious lines of her supple figure, and in the magic of the moon she seemed some young goddess of the woods —tall and fair and strong, yet infinitely womanly.

Now as she finished reading she turned suddenly away, yet not before I had seen the tell-tale colour glowing in her cheeks—a slow wave which surged over her from brow to chin, and chin to the round, white column of her throat.

And she said, "O Dick, I want you so!"

"Oh," she murmured.

"Lisbeth, is it true?"

She stood with her face averted, twisting the letter in her fingers.

"Lisbeth!" I said, and took a step nearer. Still she did not speak, but her hands came out to me with a swift, passionate gesture, and her eyes looked into mine; and surely none were ever more sweet, with the new shyness in their depths and the tears glistening on their lashes.

And in that moment Doubt and Fear were swallowed up in a great joy, and I forgot all things save that Lisbeth was before me and that I loved her.

The moon, risen now, had made a broad path of silver across the shadowy river to our very feet, and I remembered how the Imp had once told me that it was there for the moon fairies to come down by when they bring us happy dreams. Surely, the air was full of moon fairies to-night.

"O Imp, thrice blessed Imp!"

"But—but Selwyn?" I groaned at last.

"Well?"

"If you love him——"

"But I don't!"

"But if you are to marry him——"

"But I'm not! I was going to tell you so in the orchard yesterday, but you gave me no chance; you preferred to guess, and, of course, guessed wrong altogether. I knew it made you wretched, and I was glad of it and meant to keep you so a long, long time; but when I looked up and saw you standing there so very, very miserable, Dick, I couldn't keep it up any longer, because I was so dreadfully wretched myself, you know."

"Can you ever forgive me?"

"That depends, Dick."

"On what?"

Lisbeth stooped, and picking up her hat, began to put it on.

"Depends on what?" I repeated.

Her hat was on now, but for a while she did not answer, her eyes upon the "fairy path." When at last she spoke her voice was very low and tender.

" 'Not far from the village of Down, in Kent, there is a house,' " she began, " 'a very old house, with pointed gables and pannelled chambers, but empty to-night and desolate.' You see I remember it all," she broke off.

"Yes, you remember it all," I repeated, wondering.

"Dick—I—I want you to—take me there. I've thought of it all so often. Take me there, Dick."

"Lisbeth, do you mean it?"

"It has been the dream of my life for a long time now—to work for you there, to take care of you, Dick—you need such a deal, such a great deal of taking care of—to walk with you in the old rose garden; but I'm a beggar now, you know, though I sha'n't mind a bit if—if you want me, Dick."

"Want you!" I cried, and with the words I drew her close and kissed her.

Now, from somewhere in the tree above came a sudden crack and mighty snapping of twigs.

"All right, Uncle Dick!" cried a voice; "it's only the branch. Don't worry."

"Imp!" I exclaimed.

"I'm coming, Uncle Dick," he answered, and with much exertion and heavy breathing he presently emerged into view and squirmed himself safely to earth. For a moment he stood looking from one to the other of us, then he turned to Lisbeth.

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"Won't you forgive me, too, Auntie Lisbeth, please?" he said.

"Forgive you!" she cried, and falling on her knees, gathered him in her arms.

"I'm glad I didn't go to Persia, after all, Uncle Dick," he said over her shoulder.

"Persia!" repeated Lisbeth, wonderingly.

"Oh, yes; you were so angry with Uncle Dick an' me—so frightfull' angry, you know, that I was going to try to find the 'wonderful lamp' so I could wish everything all right again an' all of us 'live happy ever after'; but the blasted oak did just as well, an' was nicer, somehow, wasn't it?"

"Infinitely nicer," I answered.

"An' you will never be angry with Uncle Dick or me any more, will you, auntie—that is, not frightfull' angry, you know?"

"Never any more, dear."

"On your honour?"

"On my honour!"

"So help you Sam?"

"So help me Sam!" she repeated, smiling, but there were tears in her voice.

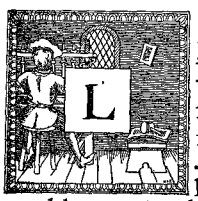
Very gravely the Imp drew his "trusty sword," which she, following his instructions, obediently kissed.

"And now," cried he, "we are all happy again, aren't we?"

"More happy than I ever hoped or dreamed to be," answered Lisbeth, still upon her knees; "and oh, Imp—dear little Imp, come and kiss me."

(*To be concluded.*)

TEACHING IDEALS



ESS than twenty-five years have passed since Mark Hopkins, Thomas Arnold, Louis Agassiz, Benjamin Jowett and James McCosh were prominent before the world, not merely as teachers, but as men of influence and power. Despite the preparation and specialisation of the instructor of to-day, there seems to be a singular scarcity of such names. Connecting with this fact the wide separation of student and teacher, we may well feel that present-day ideals are far different from the past. These conditions lead us to question the character of our teachers and to ask if they have retrograded or advanced; if their influence approaches or equals that of the old-time instructor? The existence of these undesirable conditions was acknowledged about a year ago by the *Yale Alumni Weekly,* which stated editorially:

> Something is very far from right here at Yale (and we imagine it is very much the same throughout the university world) with the relation of teacher and student. They do not get together as they should. Why not confess it? We have seen effort after effort, by the best men in the Yale faculty, working with the best men in this country, fail miserably to produce that communion which is necessary for the best results in teaching. A great lecturer is a great man, a great teacher is infinitely more. But a man cannot be a great teacher without personal contact at one point or another. . . . It is necessary. . . . that teacher and student meet . . . in great sympathy.

The same feeling has found expression in almost every large university and college in the country, but on the whole has been little heeded. One institution, however, has endeavoured to bridge the gap and establish more intimate relations between teacher and student by the introduction of the tutorial system.

Formerly the teacher and the preacher were closely allied, and, in fact, were often one and the same. This no doubt had a most important effect upon all in-

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struction; for there came into teaching the idea of influence and character building. Not merely did the minister instil into the mind of the youth a knowledge of Greek roots and Latin verbs, but he also impressed upon him the necessity of noble living. On account of the intimate relations of the student and the teacher, the transition from the ancient languages to the essentials of an upright life was by no means difficult. The ministry made its influence felt not only in the preparatory part of a boy's career, but it entered with him into the college halls. The trustees and overseers chose their early teachers from the ministry, and as a consequence the moral element was duly emphasised. Especially did these men make their influence felt in philosophy, or moral science, as it was then called. They were interested in the ultimate end of things, the "telos," and governed their thought by a consideration of the end toward which life was working. These teachers were by no means broad in their preparation, but they had the ability to present to their classes concisely and clearly their knowledge, such as it was. They taught it dogmatically, to be sure, but nevertheless they taught with such power that they secured the respect of their students and seemed at least to solve the problems under discussion. Moreover the teacher of the earlier day won the regard and reverence so sadly lacking in most modern class rooms.

However narrow and dogmatic the early teacher may have been, he possessed great wealth of knowledge as regards men. He appreciated the questionings of the boy's heart, the desire for sympathy, the need for encouragement, and the longing for companionship with those of greater knowledge. Truly did the instructor of old respond to these wants, and nobly did he endeavour to satisfy them. He drew his students about him and gave freely of the humble hospitality of his home. The result has been that the world has looked up to and admired these men for their nobility of character and their great sympathy with the student class. It is said that Jowett habitually gathered at his home for Sunday tea a group of his students, who spent the evening in friendly discourse. At one time they might delve into some Greek author, or the talk might drift down some historical channel, or again it might be philosophy that held their attention. There was never any attempt at scholasticism; but under the leadership of Jowett the student talked and thought freely and naturally. It was undoubtedly this intimate relationship with students that gave to Jowett his great reputation as a teacher and accounts for his enduring influence. Sympathy and a broad knowledge were also the basis of Thomas Arnold's wonderful influence. Boys and men instinctively turned to him for encouragement, for they knew they would meet with a ready response. Because of this close bond between teacher and student "Tom Brown" and many another Rugby boy called him blessed, mourned his death, and as they returned to school halls they sought the grave of the master to offer silent benediction. The personality of teachers of the stamp of Arnold and Jowett, of Hopkins and McCosh, are not easily forgotten. They were something more than mere instructors; they were men who influenced the age and generation in which they lived.

Contrast with men of that type the modern teacher, and the latter at once sinks into obscurity. The student does not attend an institution nowadays to be under the influence of the teacher, but he choses his Alma Mater on the grounds of personal or family loyalty, or for the sake of studying certain subjects, or because of its athletic reputation. If research be the motive, he selects the place that offers the best facilities for study, such as laboratories and libraries. Little attention is paid to the man who teaches, for the tendency of the present day is to lay the stress upon the subject taught. This does not mean that within the student's heart there is not the same old desire for companionship with men of greater knowledge; that there is no longer the need of sympathy and of intimate relationship between student and teacher, but merely that the teaching ideal has been lowered. Men now enter upon a career of teaching as they would any other profession. The idea of a "call" and special fitness has vanished and all thought of influence has disap-

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peared except in a purely scholastic sense. Men become teachers after long years of study and special training in their own particular field. Specialisation is the demand of the hour, and no longer does a man teach many subjects, but instead directs his energy to International Law, Organic Chemistry or American History. Under the lead of Germany this demand has grown stronger and stronger. Men now seek deeply into the minutiæ of some limited field, and all too often lose sight of outside interests save as they touch their own "ism." Never in the history of the world, perhaps, has the training of the teacher been greater, but the question might fittingly be asked, Has his influence grown in proportion to his greater technical training? Does he still feel an interest in the student under him? Is his mind so fully occupied with questions of research that he has no time for the boy who sits in front of him? Has not this intense devotion to purely scientific problems been accompanied oftentimes by a selfishness and commercialism that is deplorable? It is only too true that the teaching profession is underpaid in proportion to the training required in preparation. There seems to be a constant attempt to get a decrease of teaching hours with an increase of salary in order that a man may devote himself to research, while the class-room work is in many instances piled upon the younger instructors, who often do the hardest work and receive the least pay. The result is that the overworked instructor has no time to give to the care of the student beyond the confines of the class room, while the professor is too deeply engrossed in his individual work to pay any attention to him. Research may win the seeker great renown and may thoroughly demonstrate his title as scholar; but in the meantime the student is left to his own devices, and the separation between the two becomes complete. The student finds ready consolation among his mates, and together they blame the professor as a narrow-minded person.

Within the universities of the country there has been an increasing tendency to employ men for their scientific or purely professional standing, and thus reflect renown upon the institution. Frequently the men so chosen are not teachers and are ill-fitted for the class room, their interests being centred upon their writings and research. The result is that the class-room work is but perfunctorily done. It is this which to a degree explains the attitude of students that spend the lecture period in idleness, or, in some cases, in reading papers. To this cause also might be laid the lack of respect which is shown the professor. Of course, it would be folly to place all the blame upon the shoulders of the teacher, for students, especially in America, have become filled with a sense of their own importance to such a degree that they regard themselves as superior to the instructor. It should be remembered also that our large universities at the present time draw a class of students who come to college not from any innate desire, but simply because it is the proper thing to do, or because it is the desire of their parents, who consider the college a good place to bridge over the four years of transition from youth to manhood. These facts, however, will not entirely explain incidents which are reported in our large universities in recent years. At Harvard we find a large class interfering with a lecture by throwing pennies to some small ragamuffins who happened to wander past the open door of the class room. Coppers and nickels and dimes were tossed before the face of the astonished professor to the scrambling gamins who had invaded the room itself. Again, in Yale it was necessary for a teacher to stop a lecture and reprimand the class for putting their feet so high in the air that their heads were hidden. Such performances indicate not only a lack upon the part of the student but serve as a severe commentary upon the professor. The student is quick to recognise a strong personality even though it be a narrow one. Consequently it would seem to show that the professor in many instances has not the personality and character which fit him to be a teacher of men. In other words, he is not a leader and has not the power to command respect or to inspire higher purposes in others. Owing to the extreme youth of many college freshmen, these four years of academic life are of

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great formative importance. Here under the shadow of college walls he acquires those habits which work for his weal or his woe. Here in fact some of the foundation stones of character are laid. During this building period our teachers should be men of influence.

Not long since the dean of a leading university published a book of essays upon the relation of the college to the student, in which he maintains that "It soon becomes clear that parents are accountable for more undergraduate shortcomings than they or their sons suspect—and this after liberal allowances for faults in the college and its officers." The question might be raised whether liberal enough allowances had been made for the faults of the college and the defects among its teachers. In other words, we again confront the problem of the instructor's influence. If the professor is to become centred in his "ism," which is the tendency of specialisation, he can do very little toward gaining a sympathetic relation with the student. It is well enough to say that the boy's character should be formed at home, but change of environment is always apt to work transformations in character. The removal from home to college is bound to produce marked effects. The same writer notes that the feeling of the freshman when first coming to college is one of confusion and then of elation that at last his elders have ceased to restrain him. As a result the boy follows the crowd and often commits errors which he regrets afterward. In order to aid the newcomer the institution which this professor represents appoints officials known as freshmen advisers, whose duty it is to give official advice. The boy takes his official medicine and there the relationship generally ends. The suggestion is also made that it is a good thing for idlers to go to college; for in choosing some easy course they may come in contact with a man who shall inspire them to greater earnestness of purpose. To accomplish such a result, however, it is necessary that the teacher shall be a person of magnetism and force. Can we say, then, that personality and character are no longer necessary in the teacher? Can we say that mere technical training is sufficient? Can we say that there is no longer need of character-building upon the part of our professors? Are they to live merely within themselves, within their specialty, with no sympathy, no willingness to come in touch with the students under them? Such questions answer themselves, and it would seem that we must return to the ideals of fifty years ago, or rather let the qualifications of the great teacher of the past be combined with the professional ideals of the present.

We have already touched lightly upon one or two of the great instructors of the past, and it is necessary that we should examine their lives further if we are to have any adequate idea of their power. It is only thus that one can see how their success was obtained.

Coleridge, in writing of Arnold, said that the latter had not a grain of vanity or conceit, and that above all he was a lover of the truth. The master of Rugby was a man of strong religious convictions, and a great believer in the earnestness of life, maintaining that each person has a work to do. But, better still, Arnold had the power of impressing these convictions on his students. It is interesting to see the requirements that he himself regarded as essential to a good teacher. In a letter of inquiry for a master he wrote, "What I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man, and one who has common sense and understands boys"—not a bad definition for a good teacher even for the present day. One might think from the preceding that Arnold did not care for learning. No such conclusion should be drawn, for elsewhere he writes that intellectually as well as morally the instructor should be continually gaining knowledge. In another letter he writes that, "to be in sympathy with the mind you propose to influence is at once indispensable and will enable you in a great degree to succeed in influencing it." According to Thomas Arnold, the teacher should be a gentleman and a Christian; one who influences a person through sympathetic relationship; one loving the truth and filled with a great earnestness of purpose, and above all lacking in conceit.

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Jowett, like Arnold, asserted that the instructor must be ever growing or he will fail to do justice to himself and to the student. The growth implied by both these men was something more than increase of knowledge along a given line. It was increase of breadth of view and keener appreciation of men. A former student wrote that what he found of greatest assistance in Professor Jowett was his sympathy and encouragement. He was a great exponent of the theory that work, not success, makes life worth living. Above all, Jowett was a man of great kindliness, toleration and manliness, and one who loved to come into close personal contact with his students.

Turning to America, the name which at once comes to the mind is that of Mark Hopkins, for he stands pre-eminent as the great instructor of American youth. Garfield is said to have asserted that a college might consist of a log with a student on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other. In different words, equipment might be discounted somewhat in the presence of a teacher of such personality. This man, however, was not a great specialist, and in fact did not always keep abreast of his own times, as is well illustrated in the conversation that a leading educator of the present day once had with him. Their talk had turned to philosophy, and the younger man made mention of Kant. Mark Hopkins turned to him and said, "What do you make out of Kant? I cannot make anything out of him." He went on to say that he did not think him worthy of much attention, or words to that effect. Think of a modern teacher casting aside Kant with so little ceremony! It was not, then, as a specialist that Mark Hopkins influenced men. Yet in him, as in Arnold, are to be found that love of truth, that sincerity and faith which is a characteristic of strong, religious men. Religious qualities, using that word in its best sense, were interwoven and interlaced in the hidden life of this great teacher, and in an unassuming way he endeavoured to enthrone the spirit of the Christ in the hearts of his students. President Hopkins was most tactful in adapting his and was ever skilful in drawing out the questions to the caliber of the respondent, thoughts and queries of his class. Such a characteristic is, indeed, necessary to any one who would lay claim to the title of a good instructor. Many a teacher has the ability to get brilliant work out of the bright boy, but there are few who are able to draw out the dull student. Williams men learned that their president taught even more by example than by voice and pen. They learned to obey him because they loved him, and his classes were exempt from those scenes which disgrace some modern class rooms. David Dudley Field, in an address before the Williams Alumni Association, well characterised the influence of the great teacher:

"We may already claim that he impressed himself so strongly upon hundreds of young men who came within the range of his oral teaching that they diffused their impressions upon thousands and tens of thousands of their countrymen, and that by the solidity of his character and the influence of his writing he added immensely to the strength of the moral and religious sentiment of his time, and furthermore that he opened in some directions new views of great truths."

"Sincerity and faith were his characteristics. He was heart and soul dependent upon the All-Wise and the Almighty, and all that he did, with all that he thought, was interwoven with that great idea."

Look for a moment at another of America's great teachers, Louis Agassiz. Born and bred abroad, he had so applied himself in youth that he came to be recognised as a genius. Educated under the best German instructors, Agassiz came to possess all the technical learning of the modern expert. Not only that, but he caught from the teacher Leuchart the ability of making the most prosaic studies delightful and interesting to the masses. Few, if any, of the scientists of the present day possess this greatest of powers—the making of technical subjects clear to the ordinary mind. Possessed of a magnificent physique and a magnetic personality, Louis Agassiz had the power of inspiring his students to their best efforts. Such a teacher, of necessity, was enthusiastic in his work. He showed great kindness to all, and he possessed such self-control that he was patient with ignorance. Even the ordinary day labourers

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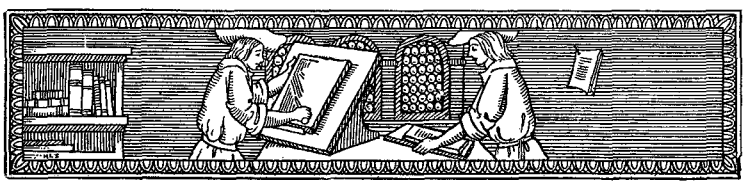
knew, respected and loved Louis Agassiz, for they fully appreciated the sympathetic character of the man. Not long since the writer was talking with a former student of the great teacher, and the description that was given of Agassiz was most enthusiastic. It was forty years since he had studied and worked under the master, and yet his conversation showed a most vivid memory of the great scientist.

Even the brief outlines that have been given of these teachers have shown in some degree the characteristics that have made them truly great. Taking account of these and noting the present tendencies, we may be able to catch some glimpse of what the teacher of the future should be if he wishes to stand in the same class with those mentioned. We notice that the present age is demanding careful training of its teachers, and, in fact, is laying stress upon graduate degrees as a qualification for college positions. Specialisation has come to stay, and a minute knowledge of a limited field will be necessary to the future college teacher; but at the same time there will be a demand for a broadmindedness and an ability to look beyond the limited field and appreciate other problems besides those of his own "ism," for it is only as that spirit is attained that the instructor's influence can be felt outside of purely scholastic channels, and only thus shall he exert a power in the lives of men and boys. No class of society more readily appreciates personality and recognises the real man than the student, and none are more eager to pay him respect. Many of our younger teachers are failures, not because of lack of knowledge, but because those virile, athletic, positive characteristics that mark the real man are wanting. Too often they belong to the so-called "sissie" type. Just that criticism was recently passed by a Yale professor upon the men fitting themselves for the teaching profession.

If one would upbuild character he must have sympathy. If one would draw out the dull boy there must be such sympathy on the part of the instructor that he shall suit his questions to the caliber of the student, turning the foolish question in such a way that the brightest can ill afford to laugh. If one would appreciate the hidden longings and desires of the boy's heart he must put himself into sympathetic relations with him. Vastness of knowledge is a valuable possession, but when it is of the walking-encyclopedia type, without character and culture, it is, indeed, vain. Expert knowledge has become almost a necessity to the teacher, whether he instructs children or men, but there is a most pressing need that he shall possess sympathy, culture and character. Let him have a sympathy which is deep enough to comprehend the difficulties of the dull student; let him have a culture pure enough to enrich the life of the collegian, and let him have a character noble and strong enough to inspire lofty ambitions.

Allen Harmon Carpenter.



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THE PREPOSTEROUS PARADOX

When I become as truly great
  As Shakespeare, Dante, Shaw or Davis,
And reach the pate-inflated state
  Of literary *rara avis;*

When I become as truly rich
  As Dixon, Caine, or Dame Corelli;
And have the royalties of Fitch
  To buy a Sandro Botticelli;

When I can charge as high a price
  As James or Conan Doyle or Kipling,
Can sell the same old story twice,
  And *add* to my repute by tippling;

When all these "whens" become a fact
Through talent, wisdom, wit, or tact,
Then publishers will run in flocks
To see *The Human Paradox;*
For I shall be the *only* fad—
Apart from great or rich or bad—
The envy of the Big and Small:
One Writer Who Won't Write At All!

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

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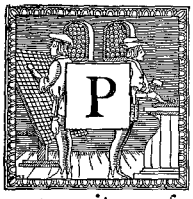
WANTED—A BLACK LIST BUREAU



ROBABLY no one but a magazine editor knows to what extent literary plagiarism is practised nowadays. While it is true that charges are frequently brought against even writers of note, it is equally true that many petty cases come to light and are known only to those intimately concerned. Such an accusation as that recently brought against so eminent an author as Mr. Thomas Hardy, which was fully discussed in these pages at the time, gives the reading world a new interest in the subject and causes much talk for a brief time.

But minor cases of plagiarism are so common, and so little—if, indeed, anything at all—is done to put a stop to them, that a suggestion as to how the matter may be successfully dealt with may accomplish some good purpose.

It is the general custom in every editorial office for the manuscript clerk to keep what is known as a "black list," whereon are recorded the names and addresses of those contributors who deliberately steal whatever happens to appeal to them as particularly salable. But these black lists are usually kept under lock and key and considered as sacred as the secrets of the confessional. In order, however, that many literary pirates may be brought to justice, it would doubtless be an advisable thing for the editors throughout the country to form what might be called a Black List Bureau—an institution that would prove of mutual benefit.

Each editor who joined this bureau would be expected to issue, immediately upon discovering a plagiarist, the complete history of that particular case and send it broadcast to his confrères, in exactly the same manner that the hotels protect themselves against dishonest patrons. As things now are, too little attention is paid to the numerous literary frauds that are practised. Editors, it is true, are busy men as a rule, but the time consumed in revealing a plagiarist's identity would be small compared to the amount of good that might be done. There is scarcely a magazine which has not at some time been victimised by unscrupulous contributors, and so dangerous an element in the literary world should be sharply dealt with.

The initial step would be to find a locale for the bureau. Since the suggestion for its formation is made in these pages, perhaps the simplest and wisest plan would be to ask the editors of THE BOOKMAN to permit all lists of magazine plagiarists to go first through their hands, and by them be distributed to each member of the bureau. If this cannot for any reason be done, the writer will himself be happy to become the medium through whom the literary pirates are made known, and if sufficient encouragement is given to the scheme, more definite arrangements will be outlined and considered. What is needed, of course, is a central office, some one point from which the various names on the separate lists may be systematically sent to editors and publishers.

The Kipling incident of recent memory has set many a layman to laughing at the editorial policy that is said to be pursued in practically every magazine office of the country. It will be recalled that two men were discussing the possibility—or, rather, the impossibility—of a new writer having his work accepted by any periodical, one man claiming that it was absolutely absurd to believe that a good story, submitted to a magazine by a wholly unknown author, would stand any chance of acceptance. The conversation led to one of the participants copying, verbatim, one of Kipling's "most popular stories," changing only the title, the names of the characters, and the locale—which happened to be English, and which was made, with little difficulty, American. In no other way was the story mutilated; "not even a comma" was altered. In was then sent, in rotation, to about a dozen of the leading magazines, and was promptly rejected by every one of them. In the end, Kipling's original publishers are said to have purchased the manuscript, and I have no doubt they did. The persons who thus fooled every editor of importance in

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the country wrote of their experience in a letter to the New York *Sun,* and numerous replies have been given space in that paper. The fact of the matter is that the incident proves nothing at all, except that two grown men made it evident that they had very little to do.

In the first place, no editor, I think, will deny that a story by Mr. Kipling might be very unsuitable to his purposes, even with the distinguished author's name signed on the manuscript. And I am not sure but that the names of any of Mr. Kipling's characters and the setting he might give a story would prove most important factors in the *tout ensemble* of the tale—far more important than "the changing of a comma." I believe that the name "Mulvaney" had no little to do with the success of the Mulvaney stories. Suppose Kipling had called his hero Martin! One might as well think of David Copperfield as David Carter, or of Becky Sharp as Mary Everett! It takes genius to invent even the names of the characters which live in literature.

And, too, it is highly probable that the story *was* recognised by some of the readers into whose hands it fell, but not definitely identified, not absolutely placed in their minds. An editor not long ago had a poem sent to him which he felt confident was one of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," but he could not be certain. He happened to have no copy of Mrs. Browning's book at hand, and he was too occupied with other things to look it up. The poem therefore went back, and I suppose the woman who submitted it has been laughing ever since at the editor's ignorance. It is such cases as this, however, which should be followed up, if the Black List Bureau, above suggested, is to be of real service.

It would be folly to say that no editor should allow himself to be victimised by plagiarists. It is beyond reason to presume that a busy man can read from cover to cover the contemporary magazines, or read with any degree of intelligence one-tenth of the current fiction that is produced. The omnivorous magazine readers are not the magazine editors. Indeed, I venture to think that the man who is responsible for the make-up of any one of the modern periodicals is the last person who reads another. He does, as a matter of business, glance through the contents of his contemporaries; but beyond such a cursory examination he is unfamiliar with what they contain.

Many people will recall a daring piece of plagiarism which was widely talked about in the newspapers several years ago. A story of Margaret Sutton Briscoe's which had originally appeared in *Harper's* only a year before, was copied almost verbatim by a woman who sent it to *Munsey's,* where it met with ready acceptance. A large percentage of the public was amazed that the editor of *Munsey's* could have been so lax in his reading as to have missed seeing the tale in *Harper's!* His failure to read Mrs. Briscoe's story did cause him some embarrassment; but to have charged him with negligence seemed too absurd for discussion.

It is only when plagiarists are unwise enough to filch poems so well known as to be almost committed to memory by every schoolboy, that the average editor feels reasonably safe. An alleged original contribution was recently sent to a magazine. It was a portion of Thomas Hood's famous "Faithless Sally Brown," containing the lines:

> They went and told the sexton, and
> The sexton tolled the bell.

This is only matched by the young fool who attempted to pass off Lovelace's

> Yet this inconstancy is such
> As you, too, should adore;
>
> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more,

as his own; and when rebuked by the editor, to whom he had submitted the verses, he explained the situation by saying that the poem had been given to him by a "friend" in payment of a debt!

A well-known weekly lately published a short story, in the course of which occurred a lengthy passage which had been taken bodily from Ouida's *Moths,* and a youth in Kansas City once attempted to palm off Lowell's "What is so rare as a day in June" upon an editor who fortunately knew more than he did.

One editor in New York who himself writes verse when he finds the time felt

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highly complimented not long ago when a contributor left with him several poems, among which he recognised two of his own that had been published anonymously ten years previously. He was inclined to forgive this particular offender, who showed such discrimination in selecting his wares.

Translations from the French and German are frequently offered to the magazines without the customary note that the manuscript is not original; but this is not always done with an intention to deceive.

A particularly interesting case of plagiarism once came to my notice. A manuscript entitled "At the Health Resort" was submitted to a New York editor, presumably by a man. The story was accepted and a cheque sent in payment, but at the last moment the editor decided to change the title to "Never Say No!"—a phrase which occurred many times in the dialogue. After the story appeared it was discovered that it had been printed in an English periodical about two years before under that very title. The plagiarist, who, it developed, was a woman, had, of course, altered the title in order to escape detection, and the change back to the original seemed a curious working of fate. It was learned through an endorsement on the cheque that she was employed in a publishing house in some clerical capacity, and when confronted with the evidence of her guilt and asked to return the money, she left town. Only the day before she had handed to the editorial department of the firm for whom she worked the manuscript of a poem which it was found had been written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Sometimes an editor is amazed to receive a manuscript from one of his regular contributors which bears so close a resemblance to another story he has either chanced to read or has published in his own magazine that it fairly takes his breath away; but many cases of unconscious plagiarism occur. A writer of short stories who is well known throughout the country, and whom we will call Miss K., sent a manuscript not long since to a magazine that had once published a story with the identical plot. Save in the opening passages, the stories were exactly the same in treatment, but the editor felt confident of his contributor's lack of intentional wrong, since it was in his periodical that the original tale had appeared. It would hardly have been wise for Miss K. to send a stolen story of Mr. M.'s to the editor of the L. magazine, when the L. magazine was known to print all of Mr. M.'s work. So attention was called to the similarity in the two manuscripts, and Miss K. replied by saying that she did remember reading Mr. M.'s story, but only in the most hurried way, and she had completely forgotten it until the editor had sent her a copy of the number of his magazine containing it. The situation on which the whole plot depended was such an unusual one that it must have remained in her memory in some sub-conscious way, and long afterward she grew to feel that it was her own idea, and unhesitatingly embodied it in a story of her own. She was much humiliated, and, of course, withdrew the manuscript from the open market.

There is danger, too, of writers using the same material as a working basis in these days when so many authors find their chief plots in newspaper clippings. It is very evident that a writer in San Francisco and one in New York might seize upon the dramatic possibilities of a story from real life as reported in a daily paper, and around them weave practically the same story. Jack London and the late Frank Norris did this once upon a time, and later it was discovered that a totally unknown author from a remote part of the country had taken the same idea from a Chicago daily—the original source of all three stories; yet each writer was totally ignorant of the existence of the other tales until his attention was drawn to it.

It is the intentional magazine plagiarist who should be uncovered and brought to an account, and if a Black List Bureau could be seriously organised, a great deal of good might result.

Charles Hanson Towne.

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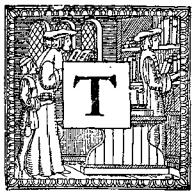
THE FETICH OF THE HAPPY ENDING



HE writer of these lines belongs to a class which feels itself peculiarly called of Heaven to be councillor to magazine editors. For when the fates are kind she is a contributor to their publications. Yet for many years she has subdued her natural inclination to advise concerning editorial policies. "Still has she borne it with a patient shrug" when she has seen her own and other people's ideas parodied by illustrators. The unending mystery of certain acceptances has gone unchallenged by her, and she has silently bowed her head to the inexplicable decree of her own rejections. Once these rejections admitted no argument; the impersonal courtesy of the printed slip is unanswerable. Even the especially dictated note of regret that a contribution is "unavailable for our present needs" is final.

But lately the kind editor has sometimes unbent to explain as well as to regret, and the writer is constrained to believe that the reason she is not oftener one of the bright throng of the accepted is because she has periods of seeing the world as a somewhat grim place of toil and pain, in which men and women are born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward. To the popular magazine editor this view, so far from appealing to his orthodoxy, is anathema maranatha, if one may judge from his notes of rejection. (It is, by the way, worthy of consideration that all editors, if they commit themselves to any opinions at all, express a much warmer admiration for the work which something obliges them to reject than for that which the necessity of filling a certain number of magazine pages compels them to buy.)

"My dear Miss So-and-So," writes one, "we are trying to print a cheerful magazine!" "Your story is conceived with so much sincerity and written with so much delicacy and grace," says another as he self-sacrificingly surrenders what must have been a great opportunity, "that we regret exceedingly to decline it. But the sombre note makes it impossible for us to use it." Another writes: "It is against our policy to print anything of a tragic nature unless there is a distinct note of uplift in the dénouement." (The language as well as the lofty thought are the editor's.) Another, after putting his publication on record as opposed to the grim in fiction, throws out a straw of hope as the waters of rejection threaten utterly to submerge the literary swimmer. "If you have anything cheerful on hand," he says, "we should like to see it for our October number." And so on and so on.

Now, the writer of these lines knows as well as the editors who reject or who accept her work know that she is not dowered with the "divine, dread gift of genius." She is merely a fairly diligent labourer who is obliged to work and who likes to observe the world and to weave tales based on her observations. As long as her efforts are rejected on the perfectly comprehensible grounds of lack of merit and interest there is nothing for her to do but to struggle for improvement. But when she is able to sell badly constructed, flimsy stories, as long as the varnish of cheerfulness is thick upon them, and cannot publish her better, more mature, more discerning work when it lacks that varnish (it is the popular editor's explanation, not her own, remember!), has she not some reason for breaking the proper, deferential silence of the mere writer and for making, not a protest, but an inquiry?

When ten editors of ten popular magazines tell you that they want happy endings, it does not mean that they are ten altruists, dedicated to the sacred cause of carrying light into gloomy places. It means that they are ten business men who think they can sell more copies of their magazines if marriage bells ring noisily, closed doors are unbarred, buried treasure unearthed, at the end of every tale, than if the wedding invitations are withdrawn, the doors irrevocably locked and the buried treasure discovered to be worthless.

Are they right? Have the great comedies or even the pleasant tales told by geniuses outlived the tragedies, outweighed them in the general regard? Is Lear or Falstaff a more popular figure?

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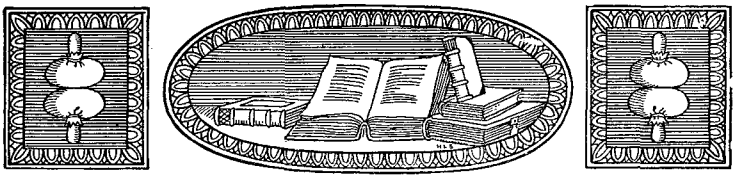
Do Rosalind's adorers outnumber Juliet's lovers? Does *Die Meistersinger* or *Tristan und Isolde* call forth the larger audience? Is Mr. Pickwick better known, more dearly cherished, than Colonel Newcome? Does Jane Austen's England, in which a heart never broke, receive more library pilgrims than George Eliot's England of the relentless struggle between impulse and conscience, between man and his destiny? How many agreeable old tales of lovers' meetings has the story of the parting of Orpheus and Eurydice outlasted?

"Ah!" smile the editors who constitute themselves the standard bearers of pleasant fiction, "you speak of the works of genius, madam. Show us a Colonel Newcome, kill a Juliet for us, create us a Maggie Tulliver and we shall not reject you!"

Perhaps they would not, but one grows a little sceptical. As has been said before, they reject professedly not because they think their readers demand high creative and literary skill, but because they think they demand happy endings. Have they, by any chance, ever listened to the conversation that goes on around them? Have they ever sought to learn what interests the mass of their fellow-beings? The sewing circle, they may be sure, does not close up about the parish room fire to tell and to hear how good and devoted a husband young George A. makes. Jed and Ury do not foregather in the village grocery to chant pæans because Silas's barn was not struck by lightning or because Esek has not been obliged to mortgage his house. Mrs. X. does not stand at the front wheel of Mrs. Y.'s buggy half the forenoon to hear that Gracie B. is going to have a trousseau "of half a dozen pieces of everything," but to learn how Lizzie is taking Tom's engagement, and what has become of the poor thing down by the mill. Mrs. Van Buren, who ought to know better, does not discourse by the hour on her vigorous state of health, but on the symptoms of disease which she has enjoyed, the surgical experiments which she has survived. To similar tales does she incline a willing ear and not to stories of well being. That the C.'s have dined together with mutual enjoyment and admiration three hundred and sixty-five evenings since their marriage a year ago does not arouse in the most friendly of us a consuming desire to hear more of their domestic life; but let it become known that Mr. C. is quite as much at the club as in his bachelor days, and that Mrs. C. is beginning to go about alone, and the curiosity of even the least meddlesome of us is pricked. The woman who has just moved in next door, with her children gathered around her on the piazza, is a commonplace person on whom her neighbours dread to call—it may mean such boredom! The woman next door, drooping among a lessened group from which one child is gone, is in her neighbour's mind and heart all day, in her dreams all night. The fact that the new superintendent made an easy trip to the mines last week, and paid off all the men without incident, will never pass into the history of the mountainside; but that he was waylaid by highwaymen, murdered and robbed will be told to the mountaineers' children's children by the winter fire; and every shiver that thrills them will be testimony to the fact that fear, sorrow, terror, speak a language to which our tragic race inevitably must listen.

Anne O'Hagan.



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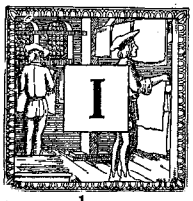
THE BOOK IN THE MAKING—IV

A DESCRIPTION OF THE METHODS EMPLOYED IN THE MECHANICAL PRODUCTION OF THE ORDINARY BOOK OF FICTION

PART II



IN the previous instalment under this head the manufacture of the book was carried to a point where the plates were ready for the press. Before the book goes on the press, however, it is, of course, necessary to provide paper, and the selection of this depends on the general character of the volume. If, for instance, pen and ink illustrations appear in the text pages, it is necessary to use what is technically known as a "medium" finish paper, which is a comparatively smooth surface, and in some instances the very smooth "English finish" is required, but this is only when the illustrations are very delicate. Books containing no illustrations in the text are usually printed on a "rough" finish paper.

Besides the three common finishes—rough, medium, and high or English—book papers are distinguished as being "wove" or "laid." To the uninitiated eye this is easily determined by holding the sheet up to a strong light. When this is done the "laid" sheet will show the laid lines—that is, lines running closely together across the sheet and intersected at regular intervals with a single line running in the opposite direction, which is technically known as the "chain." This effect is produced by the screen, which is the woven wire foundation upon which the pulp passes in making the paper; the wires displace the pulp, making it thin, and thus producing the effect of alternating dark and light lines, the intersecting lines or chains being used to hold in place the numerous wires which run in the opposite direction. The general construction of the screen is well exemplified in the ordinary bamboo porch screen. In fact, the Japanese screens for making paper are constructed of bamboo in exactly this manner, the strips, of course, being very fine, in some cases no thicker than coarse sewing cotton. In this connection it might be interesting to explain that the "water mark," which is particularly familiar in writing papers in the form of trade marks and firm names, is accomplished by weaving these forms or letters with wires in the screen, which, as described above, displace the pulp, thus rendering it translucent.

On holding the "wove" sheet to the light, it displays no patterns or characteristics such as the "laid," but is perfectly plain in appearance, which is due to the fact that the pulp in this case passes over an extremely fine screen, which is woven in the same manner as the familiar netting used in window screens, but having the wires so close that there is no perceptible displacing of the pulp, although an impression of the wires is made on the surface of the paper, which is plainly discernible to the trained eye. For many years the "laid" paper was preferred to the "wove," but as printers realised that the "laid" lines somewhat affected the even impression of the type on the surface of the paper, the tendency toward the "wove" has been increasing, and now it is rather the exception to find a book of fiction printed on "laid" paper.

In an account as brief as this must necessarily be, a description of the operation and capacity and remarkable functions of the modern printing press cannot be adequately described. Briefly, then, the modern printing machine automatically feeds, prints, and delivers in piles, 1500 sheets of thirty-two pages each, per hour with a perfection and precision which exceeds the same operations by human hands. In preparing the "form" for the press—that is, the placing of thirty-two plates for the printing of one side of a sheet—the plates are set on "patent" blocks, which are wood blocks slightly larger than the plate itself. These have adjustable fastenings on the upper edges,

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which catch the narrow margins of the plates on all four sides and hold them rigid while running on the press. The thirty-two blocks with the plates thus fastened on them are in turn locked together. This placing of the plates or the "imposing" of the form, as it is called, requires no little skill, for the pages must be so arranged that when the sheet is folded the sequence of the pages will be correct.

The locking up of the blocks is done on the bed of the press, which, when the press is in operation, moves back and forth under the cylinder over which the sheet of paper runs to receive the impression. The sheets being thus printed, they are now ready for the binder, and the various details involved in this final stage of the work will be covered in the next instalment.

RECENT EXAMPLES OF FINE BOOK-MAKING

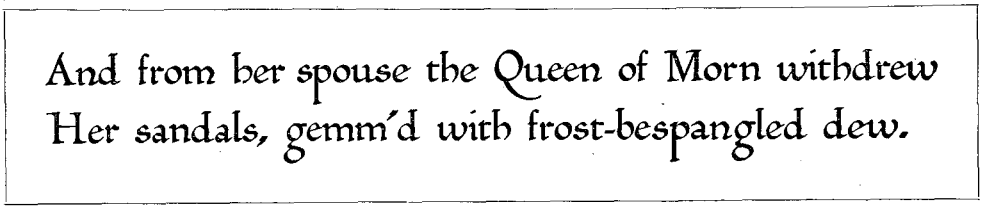
In the production of fine volumes there is occasionally one which is particularly noteworthy as expressing the tendency, so strong at present, toward a revival of the best work of the early Italian printers. Such a volume has just been published with the imprint of Little, Brown and Company of Boston, and entitled *The Triumphs by Petrarch.** The volume is entirely the production of the University Press of Cambridge, and its unique and distinguishing feature is mainly in the typography. A face of type was specially designed and cut under the supervision of the University Press to be used in a series of such books, having the significant title of "The Humanistic Volumes," of which the present example is the first. It is well worth while to consider the inspiration for these volumes.

The Humanistic MSS., from which the drawings for the Humanistic types were made, are the outcome of an exceedingly important and interesting movement which preceded and brought about the Renaissance. Until the end of the fourteenth century scholasticism prescribed ecclesiastical literature and proscribed the classics. The Humanistic movement, however, broke down the bonds of ignorance, superstition, and tradition, which up to that time had confined the intellectual life upon all sides. It brought about the liberation of reason and the recognition of the rich humanity of Greece and Rome, which aimed to habilitate the human spirit with all the life, activities and arts which had belonged to the classical age.

This created a natural desire among cultivated people to add copies of the classics to their libraries, which had hitherto consisted only of theological works. The wealthy book collectors, therefore, gave orders to the scribes for hand-lettered copies to such an extent that hand-lettering as an art received a wonderful impetus, and attained the highest point of perfection which it ever reached.

Aldus and Jenson and the other earliest printers naturally based their type faces upon the best hand-lettering available at the time their punches were cut, and those which have been cut since then have been based upon these early patterns. But the best work of the Humanistic scribes was done after the early faces were cut. This Humanistic type, therefore, represents the first attempt to base a type face upon hand-lettering at its highest point of perfection. A specimen showing two lines of this type is here reproduced.

*The Triumphs by Petrarch. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1906.



THE "HUMANISTIC" TYPE

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Beyond this, however, we are told that an effort has been made by the University Press to have each step in the manufacture approach as near to perfection as can be accomplished. The type was set by compositors who are craftsmen, and who were not limited as to time, and the presswork has been executed with equal deliberation and care. The large initials are of leaf gold, raised by hand, the smaller ones being printed in ink made of powdered Lapislazuli, to secure the purity of the ancient Humanistic blue. The paper was especially manufactured in Italy, after an old Italian formula. The binding is in leather, with heavy boards, the leather being blind-stamped with a beautiful fourteenth century design, adapted from a volume of that period.

The illustrations, six in number, are of particular interest and value, being faithful reproductions of the set in the British Museum. Sidney Colvin says of them: "These are among the best as well as the rarest works of early Florentine engraving. Only two sets in the pure early state are known to exist: one at the British Museum, the other in the collection of M. Ed. de Rothschild. They have been variously attributed to Baccio Baldini, to Nicoleto da Modena, to Filippo Lippi, and others. Their peculiar grace and charm are those of the fine flower of Florentine quattro-cento art."

Considered in every detail it is a volume of unusual harmony and beauty and it is easy to conclude that it will stand out among the fine books of the past year as a particularly desirable specimen.

The edition was limited to one hundred numbered copies for sale in America.

The ideal volume from the standpoint of the reputable publisher is one which combines literary interest with an appropriate and attractive type setting and a new edition that goes far toward the accomplishment of this are two volumes recently published with the title *Venice. Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic,** by Pompeo Molmenti. These are the initial volumes of a series that is planned to cover the tragic history of the City of the Doges. The books were designed by the University Press and appropriately set in the now popular Bodoni series of type. The arrangement of the text page and the typography throughout is very simple and satisfactory. Each volume contains a frontispiece, in full colour, very successfully printed on Japan paper, and the numerous illustrations throughout the volumes are beautifully printed on dull coated paper, which gives them all the softness and richness of a photogravure. The text paper is a feather-weight, giving the volumes a lightness in handling which always appeals to the reader. The binding is simple, but particularly neat, in a full smooth garnet cloth, with raised bands, and an appropriate device stamped in gold on the side and back. Certainly the publishers have presented the series in a decidely attractive and appropriate form.

Another attractive two-volume edition has recently been published by this house, entitled *Literature of Libraries in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.** They were designed and printed by Mr. T. B. Updike of The Merrymount Press, and exemplify the usual good taste and simplicity which marks the production of this plant. The matter contained in the volumes covers two early Discourses on the duties of a librarian, and it is interesting to note how well they apply to the "library-keeper" of the present day. The titles of these interesting papers are "The Reformed Librarie-Keeper," and the other, "The Duties and Qualifications of a Librarian." The author of the former discourse is John Dury, a seventeenth century clergyman who made a study of the subject, and wrote during his life more than fifty pamphlets on library-keeping. A biographical sketch occupies more than half of this volume, but its peculiar interest is sufficient excuse for its length. The Discourse on "The Duties and Qualifications of a Librarian" is explained in a Bibliographical Note as having been originally "spoken in Latin," and that it was first printed in 1780 in the very limited edition of twenty-five copies. The value of the paper was recognised by one Pierre Alexander Gratet Duplessis, and was translated by him into French, when it appeared in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* of January, 1839, the present volume being the first reprint since that date. The volume also contains a notice by the editor and an introduction, as well as notes at the back. Each volume contains an engraved title-page drawn in the French style and adapted from an

*Venice. Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic. By Pompeo Molmenti. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1906.

*Literature of Libraries in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1906.

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original design formerly in the Goncourt Collection. The type in which the Discourses themselves are set appears large for the dimensions of the leaf and type page, but apparently this was necessary to bring the book out to a sufficient number of pages; otherwise, the typography is most pleasing.

The little books are bound with a grey vellum back, with mottled green English cloth on the sides, and a neat leather label. They are enclosed in a slip case covered with an attractive marbled paper.

We have received a volume entitled *Engraving and Etching.** A Handbook for the Use of Students and Print Collectors. The author is Dr. Fr. Lippmann, late keeper of the print room in the Royal Museum, Berlin. This volume represents a translation from the third German edition revised by Dr. Max Lehrs and Martin Hardie, and it has long been an authority on the subject of engraving. As a comprehensive text book it is probably only equalled by the writings on the same subject by Philip Gilbert Hammerton. For the student of engraving it is invaluable, since it gives not only an elucidated description of the technique of engraving, with excellent illustrations of the various tools used in the art, but devotes the greater part of the volume to a history of engraving throughout the Continental countries, with reproductions of the most noted examples in each instance. Altogether the book cannot be commended too highly for its educating value on the subject of which it treats.

Laurence Burnham.

*Engraving and Etching. A Handbook for the Use of Students and Print Collectors. By Dr. Fr. Lippmann. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1906.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

American Book Company:

Melodic First, Second, Third and Fourth Readers. By Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper.

American Baptist Publication Society:

Odds and Ends from Pagoda Land.

American Unitarian Association:

Cap'n Chadwick. By John White Chadwick.

The Shepherd's Question. By Estes Howard.

Four American Leaders. By Charles W. Eliot.

Father Taylor. By Robert Collyer.

The Joy of Books.

D. Appleton and Company:

Credit and its Uses. By William A. Prendergast.

The Ladder to the Stars. By Jane H. Findlater.

The Victory. By Molly Elliot Seawell.

Letters to Women in Love. By Mrs. John van Vorst.

Salvage. By Aquila Kempster.

The Avenging Hour. By H. F. Prevost Battersby.

Under Castle Walls. By H. C. Bailey.

The Prince Goes Fishing. By Elizabeth Duer.

The Guarded Flame. By W. B. Maxwell.

A History of Higher Education in America. By Charles F. Thwing.

A History of the People of the United States. Vol. VI. By John Bach McMaster.

Memories of My Dead Life. By George Moore.

A History of Hungarian Literature. By Frederick Riedl.

The Authors' and Newspapers' Association:

The House of Defence. By E. F. Benson.

A Rock in the Baltic. By Robert Barr.

Doc Gordon. By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman.

The Lady Evelyn. By Max Pemberton.

The Man Between. By Amelia E. Barr.

The Automobile Institute:

Whys and Wherefores of the Automobile.

Richard G. Badger:

City Songs and Country Carols. By Thomas F. Porter.

The Banks Law Publishing Company:

Hints for Forensic Practice: A Monograph on Certain Rules Pertaining to the Subject of Judicial Proof. By Theodore F. C. Demarest.

George Bell and Sons, London:

Rossetti. By H. C. Marillier.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Captain Letterblair. By Marguerite Merington.

In Clive's Command. By Herbert Strang.

Half a Rogue. By Harold MacGrath.

Knights of the Silver Shield. By Raymond Macdonald Alden.

Little Red, White and Blue. By Josephine Scribner Gates.

The Live Dolls' House Party. By Josephine Scribner Gates.

The King of Gee Whiz. By Emerson Hough.

Rich Men's Children. By Geraldine Bonner.

Saul of Tarsus. By Elizabeth Miller.

Romance Island. By Zona Gale.

Jewel Weed. By Alice Ames Winter.

The Bodley Head:

The Music of To-morrow. By Laurence Gilman.

George William Browning:

Lyrics and Legends of Christmastide. By Clinton Scollard.

Brentano's:

Thalassa. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

Decorative Art in America. A Lecture. By Oscar Wilde.

Tales from Shakespeare. 2 vols. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited by Alfred Ainger.

A Game at Love and Other Plays. By George Sylvester Viereck.

H. M. Caldwell and Company:

Louis Salads and Chafing Dishes. By Louis Muckensturm.

The Century Company:

Lincoln the Lawyer. By Frederick Trevor Hill.

The Chateau of Touraine. By Maria Hornor Lansdale.

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Helen Nicolay.

The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard. By John Bennett.

In the Days of the Comet. By H. G. Wells.

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The Clarendon Press:

The Great Revolt of 1381. By Charles Oman.
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1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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2. The Chateaux of Touraine. Lansdale. (Century Co.) $6.00.
3. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Glimpses of Italian Court Life. Batcheller. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $4.80.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

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1. Thalassa. Baillie-Reynolds. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Are You a Bromide? Burgess. (Heubsch.) 75 cents.
6. Benvenuti's Cellini. Train. (Brentano.) $6.00.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
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4. The Love of the Lady Arabella. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
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4. From a College Window. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.25.
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2. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. The Pass. White. (Musson.) $1.25.
3. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents.
4. In Treaty with Huno. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. In Pastures New. Ade. (Musson.) $1.25.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (Briggs.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS

1. Chippinge Borough. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. The County Road. Brown (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. My People of the Plains. Valbot. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. Eve's Diary. Clemens. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according following system:

					POINTS
A book	standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50	241
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50	135
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	121
4. Half a Rogue. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	115
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	96
6. White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50	74

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